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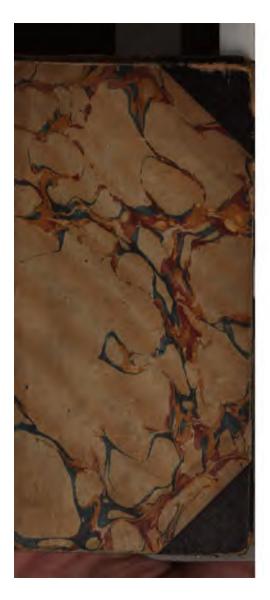
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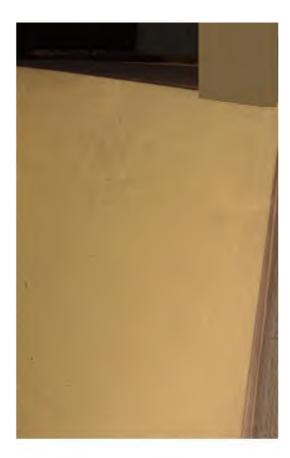
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POETRY OF THE SEASONS,

AND OF THE

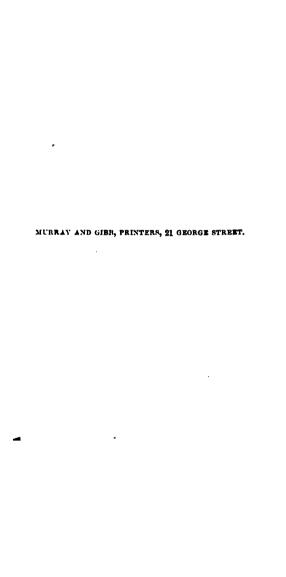
KINGDOMS OF NATURE.

Ours is a lovely world! how fide.
The beauties, even on earth, appear?
The seasons in their courses fail,
And bring successive joys: the ess,
The earth, the sky, are full of thee,
Benignant, glorious Lord of All!

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM OLIPHANT AND SON,
7 SOUTH BRIDGE STREET.

MDCCCKLII.

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PREFACE.

It is a great and acknowledged truth, that Nature, through all her kingdoms and objects, proclaims the existence of a God. The earth, the sea, the sky, abounding with proofs of divine power, wisdom, and goodness, summon the devout heart to gratitude and adoration, and minister to the hallowed flame of Religion.

It is also a truth of no little interest or importance, that the visible earth and heavens, with all the wondrous objects of the natural world are calculated to delight the eye and vividly to affect the imagination. In all ages, and in every land, the sublime and beautiful phenomena of external nature have never failed to awaken in the heart of man feelings of love and admiration, and have formed one great source or well-spring of POETRY.

Thus almost all poets, ancient and modern, have looked upon Nature with mingled feelings of delight and affection. They have moralized on her beauties and wonders; and on descriptions of her grand and lovely objects they have lavished all the powers

of their genius. A collection of such descriptions, fraught as these are with moral and poetical associations, even though chiefly made from the poets who have written in our own language, cannot fail to be a store-house of pious sentiment and beautiful imagery, equally acceptable to the Christian and the lover of Poetry. Such a collection, systematically arranged, this little volume professes to be. The different pieces it contains have been selected with a due regard to their moral and religious tendency; and it is hoped that the arrangement of them, made with reference to the more obvious divisions of the great phenomena of Nature, will contribute to the interest and utility of the work. The extracts given under the sections CREATION and PROVIDENCE, at the beginning of the volume, independently of their natural connexion with those that follow, will not be considered inappropriate in a work that aims at being of a sacred and religious character.

J. D.

HUMBIE MANSE, April 1849.



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POETRY OF THE SEASONS,

AND OF THE

KINGDOMS OF NATURE.

Ours is a lovely world! how fair Thy beauties, even on earth, appear: The measons in their courses fall, And bring successive joys: the sea, The earth, the sky, are full of thee, Benignant, glorious Lord of All:

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM OLIPHANT AND SON,
7 SOUTH BRIDGE STREET.

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POETRY OF THE SEASONS.

CREATION.

- GOD MANIFESTED IN HIS WORKS.
- 1 There is a God, all nature speaks,
 Through earth and air and seas and skies,
 See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
 As the first beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright, O'er the wide world's extended frame, Inscribes, in characters of light, His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
 And health and plenty smile around;
 And fruitful fields and verdant meads
 Are with a thousand blessings crowned.
- 4 Almighty goodness, power divine,
 The fields and verdant meads display;
 And bless the Hand which made them shine
 With various charms, profusely gay.

- 5 For man and beast, here, daily food, In wide, diffusive plenty grows; And there, for drink, the crystal flood, In streams meandering, gently flows.
- 6 By cooling streams and softening showers The vegetable race are fed; And trees and plants and herbs and flowers Their Maker's bounty, smiling, spread.
- 7 Their flowery tribes, all blooming, rise Above the weak attempts of art: Their bright inimitable dyes, Speak sweet conviction to the heart.
- 8 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad, And trace creation's wonders o'er, Confess the footsteps of The God, And bow before him, and adore.

STEELE.

2

CREATION.

1 From the throne of the Highest the mandate came forth,

The word of Omnipotent God;
And the elements fashioned His footstool the
earth,

And the Heavens His holy abode:

And His Spirit moved over the fathomless flood

Of waters that fretted in darkness around, Until, at His bidding, their turbulent mood Was hushed to a calm, and obedient they stood Where he fixed their perpetual bound.

2 By the word of Omnipotence, valley and hill Were clothed with the grass and the flower; And the fruit-tree expanded its blooms by the rill

And the nourishing herb in the bower;

And the sun of the morning—the fountain of light—

Threw his cherishing rays through creation afar;

And the region of darkness—the season of light—

The sister of chaos—grew beauteous and bright By the beams of the moon and the star.

3 By the word of Omnipotence, nature brought forth

The fish, and the beast, and the bird:

And they played in the waters, and browsed on the earth,

And the air by their carol was stirred;

And man, in the image and likeness of God, Erected his person majestic and tall;

And though, like a worm, he was formed of the

Yet the favourite of Heaven, he conspicuously trod

The lord and possessor of all.

4 From the work of creation, which rose by His word.

When finished the heavens and the earth,

On the seventh day rested the Omnipotent Lord, As he looked on each beautiful birth:

On the firmament, stretched from the east to the west,

On the far-flowing sea, and the fast teeming land:

And He saw they were good—and the Sabbath was blest,

The Sabbath!—the sanctified season of rest
To the creatures that came from His hand.

KNOX.

3 THE VISIBLE CREATION.

- 1 The God of Nature and of Grace In all his works appears; His goodness through the earth we trace, His grandeur in the spheres.
- 2 Behold this fair and fertile globe, By Him in wisdom planned; 'Twas He, who girded, like a robe, The ocean round the land.
- 3 Lift to the firmament your eye; Thither his path pursue; His glory, boundless as the sky, O'erwhelms the wondering view.

- 4 He bows the heavens—the mountains stand A high-way for their God; He walks amidst the desert land, —'Tis Eden where He trod.
 - 5 The forests in his strength rejoice; Hark! on the evening breeze, As once of old, the Lord God's voice Is heard among the trees.
 - 6 Here on the hills He feeds his herds, His flocks on yonder plains; His praise is warbled by the birds; — O could we catch their strains!
 - 7 Mount with the lark, and bear our song Up to the gates of light, Or with the nightingale prolong Our numbers through the night!
 - 8 In every stream his bounty flows, Diffusing joy and wealth; In every breeze his spirit blows, — The breath of life and health.
 - 9 His blessings fall in plenteous showers Upon the lap of earth, That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers, And rings with infant mirth.
 - 10 If God hath made this world so fair, Where sin and death abound; How beautiful beyond compare Will Paradise be found!

THE Son On his great expedition now appeared, Girt with Omnipotence, with radiance crowned Of majesty divine; sapience and love Immense, and all his Father in him shone. About his chariot numberless were poured Cherub and Seraph Potentates and Thrones, And Virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots winged From th' armoury of God, where stand of old Myriads between two brazen mountains lodged Against a solemn day, harnessed at hand, Celestial equipage ; and now came forth Spontaneous; for within them spirit lived. Attendant on their Lord : Heaven opened wide Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound On golden hinges moving, to let forth The King of Glory in his powerful Word And Spirit, coming to create new worlds. On heavenly ground they stood, and from the

They viewed the vast immeasurable abyss, Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild, Up from the bottom turned by furious winds And surging waves, as mountains, to assault Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole. Silence, ye troubled Waves, and thou Deep,

peace,

Said then th' omnific Word ; your discord end! Nor stayed, but on the wings of Cherubim Uplifted, in paternal glory rode Far into chaos, and the world unborn

For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train Followed in bright procession to behold Creation, and the wonders of his might. Then stayed the fervid wheels, and in his hand He took the golden compasses prepared In God's eternal store, to circumscribe This universe, and all created things; One foot he centred, and the other turned Round through the vast profundity obscure, And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds, This be thy just circumference, O world.

Thus God the Heaven created, thus the Earth.

MILTON.

3

CREATION OF LIGHT.

Light

Light

Light

Light

Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure, Sprung from the deep, and from her native East To journey through the aery gloom began, Sphered in a radiant cloud; for yet the sun Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle Sojourned the while; God saw the light was good; and light from darkness by the hemisphere Divided: light the Day, and darkness Night He named. Thus was the first day even and morn:

Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung By the celestial choirs, which Orient light Exhaling first from darkness, they beheld; Birth-day of Heaven and Earth; with joy and shout

The hollow universal orb that filled,

And touched their golden harps, and hymning praised

God and his works: Creator, him they sung, Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

MILTON.

6

CREATION OF PLANTS.

HE scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned, Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad

Her universal face with pleasant green, Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flowered Opening their various colours, and made gay Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,

Forth flourished thick the clustering vine, forth crept

The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub, And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemmed

Their blossoms; with high woods the hills were

With tufts the vallies, and each fountain side;
With borders long the rivers: that Earth now
Seemed like to Heaven, a seat where gods might
dwell.

Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades: tho' God had yet not rained
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the Earth a dewy mist
Went up and watered all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which, ere it was in th' Earth
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green stem; God saw that it was good:
So even and morn recorded the third day.

MILTON.

7

CREATION OF FISHES.

And God said, Let the waters generate
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:
And let fowl fly above the Earth, with wings
Displayed on the open firmament of Heaven.
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each which crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And saw that it was good, and blessed them,
saving.

Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
And lakes, and running streams the waters fill;
And let the fowl be multiplied on th' Earth.

Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,

With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in skulls that oft
Bank the mid sea: part single, or with mate
Graze the sea weed their pasture, and through
groves

Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance Shew to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold.

Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch: on smooth the seal,
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait
Tempest the ocean: there Leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretched like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.

MILTON.

8

CREATION OF FOWLS.

MEANWHILE the tepid caves, and fens, and shores, Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that soon

Darsting with kindly rapture forth disclosed The callow young, but feathered soon and fledge, They summ'd their pens, and soaring th' air sublime

With clang despised the ground under a cloud
In prospect; there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar-tops their cyries build:
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their acry caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats as they pass, fanned with unnumbered
plumes:

From branch to branch the smaller birds with

Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays:
Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed
Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck,
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower
The mid aerial sky: others on ground
Walk'd firm; the crested cock whose clarion
sounds

The silent hours, and the other whose gay train Adorns him, coloured with the florid hue of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl, Evening and morn solemniz'd the fifth day.

MILTON.

CREATION OF BEASTS.

THE sixth, and of creation last, arose With evening harps and matin : when God said, Let the Earth bring forth soul living in her kind, Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of th' Earth, Each in their kind. The Earth obeyed, and

straight

Opening her fertile womb teemed at a birth Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms, Limbed and full grown ; out of the ground uprose, As from his lair, the wild beast where he dwells In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den ; Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walked: The cattle in the fields and meadows green : Those rare and solitary, these in flocks Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung. The grassy clods now calved; now half appeared The tawny lion, pawing to get free His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds.

And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce, The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground Bore up his branching head: scarce from his

mould Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved

His vastness: fleeced the flocks and bleating rose.

As plants: ambiguous between sea and land The river-horse, and scaly crocodile.

Now Heaven in all her glory shone, and rolled Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand First wheeled their course; Earth in her rich attire Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth, By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walked

Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remained;
There wanted yet the master work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endowed
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven;
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God Supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Present!) thus to his Son audibly spake:—

Let us make now man in our image, Man In our similitude, and let them rule Over the fish and fowl of sea and air, Beast of the field, and over all the Earth, And every creeping thing that creeps the ground. This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O man, Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed The breath of life; in his own image he Created thee, in the image of God

26

Express; and thou becamest a living soul.

Male he created thee; but thy consort

Female, for race; then blessed mankind, and said,

Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth;

Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold

Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,

And every living thing that moves on the Earth.

MILTON.

11

CREATION FINISHED.

HERE finished he, and all that he had made Viewed, and behold all is entirely good ; So even and morn accomplish'd the sixth day; Yet not till the Creator from his work Desisting, though unwearied, up returned, Up to the heaven of heavens his high abode, Thence to behold this new created world, Th' addition of his empire, how it showed In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair, Answering his great idea. Up he rode, Followed by acclamation and the sound Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned Angelic harmonies; the earth, the air, Resounded (thou rememberedest, forthou heardest) The heavens and all the constellations rang, The planets in their stations listening stood, While the bright pomp ascended jubilant. Open, ye everlasting gates, they sang, Open, ye heavens, your living doors; let in

The great Creator from his work returned Magnificent, his six days' work, a world.

MILTON.

12 THE GLORY OF GOD IN THE CREATION.

I WHEN the sun shines forth from the gates of the morn,

Giving light and life to the landscape round; When the dews of night are empearled on the thorn.

And with joyful songs the echoes resound ;-

2 Oh! His is the splendour whose beauty makes

All that art can frame to enchant the eye; And the music we hear is the matin hymn Of unconscious praise to the Deity!

3 When the silence of night o'er the earth is spread,

And the moon and the stars in their courses shine.

The stillness around, and the pomp overhead, Alike, to the heart have a voice divine.

BARTON.

3 THE MUTABILITY OF THE CREATION.

1 Great former of this various frame, Our souls adore thine awful name, And bow and tremble while they praise The Ancient of Eternal Days.

- 2 Before thine unsurpris'd survey Nature arose but yesterday; And as to-morrow shall thine eye See earth and stars in ruin lie.
- 3 Around thy throne of dazzling light, Beyond an angel's vision bright, Thy glory shines, with peerless ray, While suns and worlds in smoke decay.
- 4 Our days a transient period run, And change with every circling sun; And, in the firmest state we boast, A moth can crush us into dust.
- 5 But let the creatures fall around, Let death consign us to the ground; Let the last general flame arise, And melt the earth, and burn the skies:—
- 6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we Can all the wreck of nature see; While grace secures us an abode Unshaken as the throne of God.

DODDRIDGE,

14

CREATING WISDOM.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom! thee we praise,
To thee our songs we bring;
While with thy name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high arches, ring:

Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold!

2 There, thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run;
There, the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the sun:
The stormy winds stand ready there,
Thine orders to obey;
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

3 On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around;
At thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground:
Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God:
But the sweet beauties of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.

15 GOD THE LIFE AND LIGHT OF ALL.

- 1 Thou art, O Lord, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee:
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day, with parting beam, delays Among the opening clouds of even; And we can almost think we gaze Through golden vistas into heaven; Those hues, that make the sun's decline So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom, O'ershadows all the earth and skies, Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume Is sparkling with unnumber'd dyes;— That sacred gloom, those fires divine, So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
 And every flower the summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye:
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

MOORE.

HYMN TO THE THREE PERSONS, ONE GOD.

- 1 Give glory unto God on high, To him who arched the vaulted sky; Who mighty Earth's circumference spann'd. And weigh'd its waters in his hand : Who formed the countless orbs that gem Dark night's resplendent diadem : Gave life unto each living thing ; Created man their earthly king; Then gave his Son for man to die; Give glory unto God on high.
- 2 Give glory to the Son who came Cloth'd in our fleshly mortal frame ; Who bare our sins, vouchsafed to give Himself to die that we might live; Was holy, harmless, undefiled, Patient when spurned, dumb when reviled; Who in the agonies of death Poured for his foes his parting breath : Was perfect God and man in one; Give glory to the Incarnate Son!
- 3 Give glory to the Holy Ghost ! Who on the day of Pentecost From heaven to earth in mercy came, Descending as in tongues of flame; The promised Comforter and Guide, Through whom the soul is sanctified; Who still is manifest within, To prompt to good, convict of sin ;-

Ye saints on earth, ye heavenly host, Give glory to the Holy Ghost!

- 4 Join all on earth, in heaven above, In honour, blessing, glory, love! Sing praises to the great I AM; Sing praises to the spotless Lamb; Sing praises to that power divine, Who sanctifies the inner shrine; That so the Father's glorious name All creatures hallowed may proclaim; And through the Spirit shed abroad, Confess that Jesus Christ is Lord!
- 5 Though Reason gives not finite man Divine Infinitude to scan, Yet man may his Creator own; May bow before a Saviour's throne; The Comforter with awe receive; Their true Divinity believe; And while he chants a Father's love, Who sends the Spirit from above, To win dominion for the Son, With joy confess that God IS ONE!

BARTON.

17 THE BEAUTIES OF CREATION.

1 Ours is a lovely world! How fair Thy beauties, even on earth, appear! The seasons in their courses fall, And bring successive joys: the sea, The earth, the sky, are full of thee, Benignant, glorious Lord of All!

- 2 There's beauty in the break of day; There's glory in the noon-tide ray; There's sweetness in the twilight shades; Magnificence in night: thy love Arched the grand heaven of blue above, And all our smiling earth pervades.
- 3 And if thy glories here be found Streaming with radiance all around, What must the FOUNT OF GLORY be! In Thee we'll hope,—in Thee confide, Thou merey's never-ebbing tide! Thou love's unfathomable sea!

BOWRING.

PROVIDENCE.

is

UNIVERSAL PROVIDENCE.

The insect that, with puny wing,
Just shoots along one summer ray;
The floweret which the breath of spring
Wakes into life for half a day;

The smallest mote, the tenderest hair—All feel our Heavenly Father's care.

2 Even from the glories of his throne He bends to view this earthly ball; Sees all, as if that all were one— Loves one, as if that one were all; Rolls the swift planets in their spheres, And counts the sinner's lonely tears.

CUNNINGHAM.

19 THE KINDNESS OF PROVIDENCE.

- 1 O HAND of bounty, largely spread, By whom our every want is fed, Whate'er we touch, or taste, or see, We owe them all, O Lord, to Thee; The corn, the oil, the purple wine, Are all thy gifts, and only thine!
- 2 The stream thy word to nectar dyed, The bread thy blessing multiplied, The stormy wind, the whelming flood, That silent at thy mandate stood; How well they knew thy voice divine, Whose works they were, and only thine!
- 3 Though now no more on earth we trace Thy footsteps of celestial grace,

Obedient to thy word and will We seek thy daily mercy still; Its blessed beams around us shine, And thine we are, and only thine!

HEBER.

20 THE MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE.

- I God moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines, With never-failing skill, He treasures up his bright designs, And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- But trust him for his grace;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face,
- His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

36

SUN, MOON,

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err, And scan his work in vain: God is his own interpreter, And he will make it plain.

COWPER.

SUN, MOON, STARS, COMETS, AND THEIR PHENOMENA.

21

THE SUN.

Thou mightiest work of Him
That launched thee forth, a golden-crowned bridegroom,

To hang thy everlasting nuptial lamp
In the exulting heavens. In thee the light,
Creation's eldest-born, was tabernacled.
To thee was given to quicken slumbering nature,
And lead the seasons' slow vicissitude
Over the fertile breast of mother earth;
Till men began to stoop their grovelling prayers
From the Almighty Sire of all to thee.
And I will add,—Thou universal emblem
Hung in the forehead of the all-seen heavens,

Of Him, that with the light of righteousness Dawned on our latter days; the visitant Dayspring

Of the benighted world. Enduring splendour!
Giant refreshed! that evermore renewest
Thy flaming strength; nor ever shalt thou cease,
With time coeval, even till time itself
Hath perished in eternity. Then thou
Shalt own, from thy apparent deity
Debased, thy mortal nature, from the sky
Withering before the all-enlightening Lamb,
Whose radiant throne shall quench all other fires.

Mark how the purple clouds
Throng to pavilion him: the officious winds
Pant forth to purify his azure path
From Night's dun vapours and fast-scattering
mists,

The glad earth wakes in adoration; all The voices of all animate things lift up Tumultuous orisons; the spacious world Lives but in him, that is its life. But he, Disdainful of the universal homage, Holds his proud way, and vindicates for his own The illimitable heavens, in solitude, Of peerless glory unapproachable.

MILMAN.

22

ODE TO THE SUN.

l Thou whose rejoicing eye of light Look'd forth, at God's inspiring call, When order lay in boundless night, And darkness wanton'd over all; Whence thy perpetual youth, O Sun! Since life, and light, and time begun?

- 2 Exulting on thy course sublime, How bright thy yellow tresses glare, As still, they wave unburt by time, High o'er the azure depths of air; As still thy wings unwearied go, While earth and ocean laugh below.
- 3 When first thy ruddy pinions lave
 The skies, careering round the day;
 The moon sinks down the western wave,
 Retreating from thy fiery ray;
 The stars are blenched, the ghost of night
 Flies sullen from thy blasting light.
- 4 Unchanged art thou when darkness shrouds,
 When angry nature weeps around,
 Far, far above the ebon clouds
 Thy splendours sweep the blue profound;
 Where still unshaken wheel the spheres
 Beyond the reach of parting years.
- 5 The mountain-oak, with age shall fall,
 The everlasting hills decay;
 But thou shalt hear the morning call,
 Till heaven and earth shall pass away;
 Thy youth, thy strength shall last, O Sun!
 Till life, and light, and time are done.

EMBLEM of Him that made thee, Source of light, Heat, vegetation, beauty, and defence!

Let not the unbelieving sons of night Scoff at our notion that Omnipotence

Cares for the meanest worm that crawls the earth. Even as thine aureate tide thou pourest forth

On all sides equally at every point, Flooding creation with thy boundless beams, And yet with thine own image dost anoint

Each individual daisy's head; so teems Full on the universe through all its round

The radiant power of the Divinity:

But still with special aim is resting found
Upon the lowliest of the lowly—me.

ANON.

24

THE SUN.

Along the skies the Sun obliquely rolls,
Forsakes, by turns, and visits both the poles;
Different his track, but constant his career,
Divides the times, and measures out the year;
To climes returns where freezing winter reigns,
Unbinds the glebe, and fructifies the plains;
The cracking ice dissolves; the rivers flow;
Vines crown the mountain tops, and corn the vales
below.

BAKER.

40

SUN, MOON,

25

THE SUN.

Most glorious Orb! that wert a worship, ere The mystery of thy making was revealed! Thou earliest minister of the Almighty, Which gladdened, on their mountain tops, the hearts

Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they poured Themselves in orisons! Thou material god! And representative of the Unknown—
Who chose thee for His shadow. Thou chief star!

Centre of many stars! which makest our earth Endurable, and temperest the hues And hearts of all who walk within thy rays! Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes, And those who dwell in them! for near or far, Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee, Even as our outward aspects,—thou dost rise, And shine, and set in glory!

BYRON.

96

HE SUN.

Most glorious art thou! when from thy pa-

Thou lookest forth at morning; flinging wide Its curtain clouds of purple and vermilion, Dispensing life and light on every side; Brightening the mountain cataract, dimly

Through glittering mist; opening each dew-

gemmed flower. Or touching, in some hamlet, far descried, Its spiral wreaths of smoke that upward tower,

While birds their matin sing from many a leafy bower.

And more magnificent art thou, bright Sun! Uprising from the ocean's billowy bed : Who that has seen thee thus, as I have done, Can e'er forget the effulgent splendours spread

From thy emerging radiance? Upwards sped Even to the centre of the vaulted sky,

Thy beams pervade the heavens, and o'er them shed

Hues indescribable-of gorgeous dve. Making among the clouds mute glorious pageantry.

Then, then how beautiful, across the deep The lustre of thy orient path of light! Onward, still onward, o'er the waves that So lovelily, and show their crests of white,

The eve unsated in its own despite, Still up that vista gazes; till thy way Over the waters seems a pathway bright

For holiest thoughts to travel, there to pay Man's homage unto Him who bade thee 'rule the Day.'

42

SUN, MOON,

27

SUNRISE.

Night hurrying sails away across the waters,
To seek repose in her own distant isles;
And slow retire the Moon's all-radiant daughters,
But young Aurora lingers with her smiles.
From the deep dell and dark grove's heaving

breast.

The misty forms that nightly slumber there. Ascending to the mountain's snowy crest, Expand their wings, and part into the air. And forth from out the eastern hall. Gilding Nature's sable pall, The lovely light descends to deck With dewy pearls young Morning's neck. The lark is up in the dewy sheen :-Oh! the little saint, with harp unseen, Is thrilling a hymn on her skyed tower, Whose cherub-tones and airy power Hold the ear of Heav'n, that listens above In trembling trance of silent love. The Zephyrs pass by on their downy wings, With harps, from whose Æolian strings A requiem quivers adown the vale

To the moon there setting,—all sad and pale.
And o'er you eastern fields of blue
Tall filmy shapes of amber hue
Wave their bright robes around the car
Of the slow retiring Morning Star.
Sweet looks the infant day above,
Like the rich and rosy smile of love.

ANON.

28

SUNRISE.

See, yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east! The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo; now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and coloured air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays
On rocks, on hills, and towers, and wandering
streams.

High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer Light!
Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee!

THOMSON.

29

SUNSET.

1 How beautiful the setting sun
Reposes o'er the wave!
Like virtue, life's dear warfare done,
Descending to the grave;
Yet smiling with a brow of love,
Benignant, pure, and kind,
And blessing, ere she soars above,
The realms she leaves behind.

2 The cloudlets, edged with crimson light,
Veil o'er the blue serene,
While swift the legions of the night,
Are shadowing o'er the scene;
The sea-gull, with a wailing moan,
Up starting, turns to seek
Its lonely dwelling-place upon
The promontory's peak.

3 The heaving sea,—the distant hill,—
The waning sky,—the woods,—
With melancholy musing fill
The swelling heart that broods
Upon the light of other days,
Whose glories now are dull,
And on the visions Hope could raise,
Vacant, but beautiful.

4 Where are the bright illusions vain,
That Fancy boded forth?
Sunk to their silent caves again,
Auroræ of the North!
Oh! who would live those visions o'er,
All brilliant though they seem,
Since Earth is but a desert shore,
And life a weary dream!

SECULD

30

SUNSET.

Ir is the hour when winds and waves Scarce heave one sigh around their caves; It is the hour to musing sweet,
When sun, and sea, in glory meet.
The sinking orb seems in his flight
Pausing, to bid the world good night;
No funeral waters o'er him swell,
And peal afar his parting knell;
But tho' he's gone beneath the sea,
A pensive glow like memory,
That beauteous light of snow long set,
In soften'd radiance lingers yet.

ANON.

31

THE RISING MOON.

- 1 The moon is up! how calm and slow She wheels above the hill! The weary winds forget to blow, And all the world lies still.
- 2 The way-worn travellers, with delight, The rising brightness see, Revealing all the paths and plains, And gilding every tree.
- 3 It glistens where the hurrying stream Its little ripple heaves;
 It falls upon the forest shade,
 And sparkles on the leaves.
- 4 So once, on Judah's evening hills, The heavenly lustre spread, The gospel sounded from the blaze, And shepherds gazed with dread.

- 5 And still that light upon the world Its guiding splendour throws; Bright in the opening hours of life, But brighter at the close.
- 6 The waning moon, in time, shall fail To walk the midnight skies; But God hath warm'd this brighter light With fire that never dies.

ANON.

32

HYMN TO THE MOON.

1 How lovely is this silent scene!
How beautiful, fair lamp of Night!
On stirless woods, and lakes serene,
Thou sheddest forth thy holy light,
With beam as pure, with ray as bright,
As Sorrow's tear from Woman's breast,
When mourning over days departed,
That robbed her spirit of its rest,
And left her lone and broken-hearted.

2 Refulgent pilgrim of the sky,
Beneath thy march, within thy sight,
What varying realms outstretching lie!
Here, landscape rich with glory bright;
There, lonely wastes of utter blight:
The nightingale, upon the bough
Of cypress, there her song is pouring;
And there, begirt with mounts of snow,
For food the famished bear is roaming!

3 The exile, on a foreign shore,
Dejected sits, and turns his eye
To thee, in beauty evermore,
Careering through a cloudless sky:
A white cloud comes, and passing by,
Veils thee a moment from his sight;
Then, as he rests beneath the shadows,
He thinks of many as sweet a night,
When glad he roam'd his native meadows.

4 Enthroned amid the cloudless blue,
Majestic, silent, and alone,
Above the fountains of the dew,
Thou glidest on, and glidest on,
To shoreless seas, and lands unknown.
The presence of thy face appears,
Thou eldest born of Beauty's daughters,
A spirit traversing the spheres,
And ruling o'er the pathless waters.

ANON.

33

THE STARS.

1 YE stars! bright legions that, before all time, Camped on you plain of sapphire, what shall tell

Your burning myriads, but the eye of Him Who bade thro' heaven your golden chariots wheel ?

Yet who earth-born can see your hosts, nor feel

Immortal impulses—Eternity !
What wonder if the o'erwrought soul should reel

With its own weight of thought, and the mild

See fate within your tracks of sleepless glory lie !-

- 2 For ye behold the MIGHTIEST. From that steep What ages have ye worshipp'd round your King! Ye heard his trumpet sounded o'er the sleep Of Earth;—ye heard the morning-angels sing. Upon that orb, now o'er me quivering, The gaze of Adam fix'd from Paradise; The wonders of the Deluge saw it spring Above the mountain surge, and hailed its rise, Lighting their lonely track with Hope's celestial dyes.
- 3 On Calvary shot down that purple eye,
 When, but the soldier and the sacrifice
 All were departed.—Mount of Agony!
 But Time's broad pinion, ere the giant dies,
 Shall cloud your dome.—Ye fruitage of the skies,
 Your vineyard shall be shaken! From your urn
 Censers of Heaven! no more shall glory rise,
 Your incense to the THRONE. The Heavens
 shall burn!

For all your pomps are dust, and shall to dust return.

CROLY

THE EVENING STAR.

- 1 STAR of the Evening! How I love to mark
 Thy beam thus gleaming, tremulously bright,
 Upon the ocean wave! How brightly dark
 Shines thy lone ray, thou herald of the night!
- 2 Thou lovely star! I've sometimes gazed at thee Till I have almost wept, I knew not why; Tell me, my heart, what can that feeling be Which makes thee at those moments throb so high!
- 3 It is a joy where sadness hath a part, A melancholy, worth whole days of mirth; The eye in tears, indeed, but with a heart Which bounds as if 'twould break the bonds of earth.
- 4 Thou lovely star! methinks thy herald-ray Speaketh of rest beyond our hour of time; And seemeth to invite the soul away To seek for refuge in a happier clime.—

ANON.

35

THE STARS.

1 OH! 'tis lovely to watch ye at twilight rise, When the last gleam fades in the distant skies, When the silver chime of the minster-bell, And the warbling fount in the woodland dell, And the viewless sounds in the upper air, Proclaim the hour of prayer!

- 2 Then ye shine in beauty above the sea, Bright wanderers over the blue sky free! Catching the tone of each sighing breeze, And the whispering sound of the forest-trees, Or the far-off voice, through the quiet dim, Of some hamlet's hymn!
- 3 And the midnight too, all still and lone
 Ye guard in beauty, from many a throne;
 In your silver silence throughout the hour,
 Watching the rest of each folded flower,
 Gladdening with visions each infant's sleep,
 Through the night-hour deep!
- 4 Yes, ye look over Nature's hushed repose, By the forest still where the streamlet flows, By the breezeless hush of many a plain, And the pearly flow of the silver main, Or sweetly far o'er some chapel shrine Of the olden time!
- 5 Thus in shadeless glory ye onwards roll, Bright realms of beauty, from Pole to Pole! 'Midst the vaulted space where your bright paths lie,

In the hidden depths of the midnight sky,
To some far-off land—to some distant home,
'Neath the ocean's foam!

6 But, hark! the far voice of the waking sca,
And the dim dew rising o'er lawn and lea,
And the first faint tinge of the early day,
Shining afar o'er the ocean spray!
Oh, ye that have been as a power and a spell,
Through the dim midnight!—Farewell!

MULLER.

THE SINKING STAR.

I warch, and long have watched, with calm regret,

Yon slowly-sinking Star,—immortal Sire
(So might he seem) of all the glittering choir!
Blue ether still surrounds him—yet—and yet;
But now the horizon's rocky parapet
Is reach'd; where, forfeiting his bright attire,
He burns—transmuted to a sullen fire,
That droops and dwindles; and, the appointed
debt

To flying moments paid, is seen no more.

Angels and Gods; we struggle with our fate,
While health, power, glory, pitiably decline,
Depressed and then extinguished; and our state,
In this, how different, lost Star, from thine,
That no to-morrow shall our beams restore!

WORDSWORTH.

65

SONG TO THE EVENING STAR.

1 Stan that bringest home the bee,
And settest the weary labourer free !
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou
That send'st it from above;
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as her's we love.

- 2 Come to the luxuriant skies Whilst the landscape's odours rise, Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard, And songs, when toil is done, From cottages whose smoke unstirred Curls yellow in the sun.
- 3 Star of love's soft interviews,
 Parted lovers on thee muse,
 Their remembrancer in heaven
 Of thrilling vows thou art,
 Too delicious to be riven
 By absence from the heart.

CAMPBELL.

38

THE STARS.

- 1 No cloud obscures the summer sky, The moon in brightness walks on high, And set in azure, every star Shines, like a gem of heaven afar.
- 2 Child of the earth! Oh! lift thy glance, To you bright firmament's expanse; The glories of its realm explore, And gaze, and wonder, and adore!
- 3 Doth it not speak to every sense ls of Omnipotence! not there the Almighty name, i characters of flame!

- 4 Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light, That sparkle through the shades of night; Behold them!—can a mortal boast To number that celestial host!
- 5 For what art thou, child of clay, Amid creation's grandeur, say ! Even as an insect on the breeze, Even as a dew-drop lost in seas!
- 6 Yet fear thou not !—the Sovereign hand, Which spread the ocean and the land, And hung the rolling spheres in air, Hath, even for thee, a father's care!
- 7 Be thou at peace !—the all-seeing Eye, Pervading earth, and air, and sky, The searching glance which none may flee, Is still, in mercy, turned on thee.

MRS HEMANS.

39

THE STARRY HEAVENS.

GENTLY the shades of night descend; Thy temple, Lord! is calm and still; A thousand lamps of ether blend, A thousand fires that temple fill—To honour thee:—'Tis bright and fair, As if the very heavens, imprest With thy pure image smiling there, In all their loveliest robes were drest:

Yet thou canst turn thy friendly eye From that immeasurable throne; Thou, smiling on humanity, Dost claim earth's children for thine own.

BOWRING

40

THE MORNING STAR.

- 1 STAR of the morn, whose placid ray
 Beamed mildly o'er yon sacred hill,
 While whispering zephyrs seem'd to say,
 As silence slept, and earth was still,
 Hail, harbinger of Gospel light!
 Dispel the shades of nature's night!
- 2 I saw thee rise on Salem's towers, I saw thee shine on Gospel lands, And Gabriel summoned all his powers And waked to eestacy his bands; Sweet cherubs hailed thy rising ray, And sang the dawn of Gospel day!
- 3 Shine, lovely star, on every clime,
 For bright thy peerless beauties be,
 Gild with thy beam the wing of time,
 And shed thy rays from sea to sea;
 Then shall the world from darkness rise,
 Millennial glories cheer our eyes!

ANON.

41 FAREWELL TO SUN, MOON, AND STARS.

- 1 Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell!
 With all your feeble light:
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day!
 In brighter flames arrayed,
 My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
 No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust Of my divine abode, The pavement of those heavenly courts, Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
 Shall there his beams display,
 Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
 With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief Shall swell into mine eyes; Nor the meridian sun decline Amidst those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of his saints
 Shall in one song unite;
 And each the bliss of all shall share
 With infinite delight.

DODDRIDGE.

THE COMET.

1 Mysterious visitant! whose beauteous light Among the wondering stars so strangely gleams;

Like a proud banner in the train of night,
The unblazoned flag of Deity it streams;
Infinity is written in thy beams;

And thought in vain would, through the pathless sky,

Explore thy secret course; thy circle seems Too vast for time to grasp;—O can that eye Which numbers hosts like thee, this atom earth descry?

2 O Thou, my every hope, my only fear; Father of Lights, round whom the systems roll,

With all their suns and comets, sphere on sphere,

Thy all-pervading energy, the soul, Thyself the centre of the mighty whole!

When death shall purge the film of sense away, And truth with irresistible control

Shall seize my ravish'd mind,—that awful day How shall my soul sustain,—that infinite survey!

3 Then shall I shudder at the guilty past, And feel thy awful presence on my heart; Was it at thee, O GoD, my sins I cast? Oh! on my trembling soul thy mercy dart, For now I feel how terrible thou art! Thou wert All-present, and I saw thee not : Thou art my bliss, and yet I said, ' Depart ;' Murmured, though boundless mercy fixed my lot :-

And wilt thou own the soul that thee so oft forgot?

4 Oh wondrous thought ! the high and holy One, Inhabiting eternity, will make

The humble soul his dwelling-place; the sun, Whose rising beams on orbs innumerous break.

Does shine as much for the poor reptile's To Him is nothing great-is nothing small;

He fills a world, -he bids the insect take His being full of bliss :- He formed them all ; He guides the Comet's course, -He marks the sparrow's fall.

5 Man-man, though in the dust his insect-birth, Beholds his nature unto Gon allied.

Linked to the golden throne this creature earth By ties that shall eternally abide ;

Let suns, let systems perish-Jesus died,

Nor shall one vital spark be quench'd in night, Which Gop has kindled :- Here my soul confide,

Safe in the arms of everlasting Might, And circled with the beams of uncreated light.

CONDER.

- 43 ADDRESS TO HALLEY'S COMET, WHICH RETURNED IN 1835.
- BRIGHT visitant! returned again
 To blaze in yonder starry fields,
 Thy presence on the etherial plain
 To longing science yields
 A rapture hardly felt before,
 A hope of still sublimer lore.
- 2 Afar thy glorious coming shines,
 As of a moving heavenly host,
 That gleams along its marshalled lines,
 Seen from a distant coast,
 And men, in triumph proud, behold
 Thy march magnificent and bold.
- 3 For onward to this peopled ball,
 Unchecked, thy airy splendour speeds,
 No more the nations to appal,
 Or bode disastrous deeds;
 The towering soul of man from thee
 At length hath plucked thy mystery.
- 4 Thine orbit's bright eccentric line,
 That flames across our starry sphere,
 Is measured by an Art divine;
 And the remote career,
 On which thou hastest without pause,
 Is bounded by no human laws.

- 5 Far-wandering orb! what fields of space, Cold and unknown, hast thou beheld! Careering on the mighty race To which thou art impelled, Since last before our father's gaze Thou basked'st in the solar blaze!
- 6 Stars hid from telescopic view,
 With all their paths, to thee are known;
 Beyond our dark nocturnal blue,
 In journey far and lone,
 With bolder sweep 'tis thine to pierce
 The grand and glowing universe.
- 7 Whatever purposes of heaven
 Are hidden in that path of thine,
 Roll on, fulfil thy duty given,
 And be another sign
 Of that creating Architect
 Who hath the sky in beauty decked.
- 8 And shine thou in the diadem
 Which heaven-ascending science wears,
 An awful and a mystic gem,
 That to our wonder glares;
 And blazon, with thy wandering flame,
 The glory of our Halley's name.

THE SEASONS.

44

HYMN TO THE SEASONS.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these Are but the varied God. The rolling year Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love. Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm; Echo the mountains round : the forest smiles ; And every sense and every heart is joy. Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months, With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun Shoots full perfection through the swelling year : And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks : And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve. By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales. Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined, And spreads a common feast for all that lives. In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled, Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing, Riding sublime, Thou biddest the world adore, And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force

in these appear! a simple train,

Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art, Such beauty and beneficence combin'd; Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade; And all so forming an harmonious whole; That as they still succeed, they ravish still. But wandering oft, with brute, unconscious gaze, Man marks not Thee; marks not the mighty hand That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres; Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming,

thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the Sun, direct, the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul, Beneath the spacious temple of the sky; In adoration join; and, ardent, raise One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales, Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness

breathes;

O, talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to

The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.

His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills; And let me catch it as I muse along. Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound; Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze. Along the vale; and thou, majestic main, A secret world of wonders in thyself, Sound His stupendous praise; whose greater voice

Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and
flowers.

In mingled clouds to Him whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencipaints.

Ye forests, bend; ye harvests, wave to Him; Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart. As home he goes beneath the joyous moon. Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams, Ye constellations, while your angels strike, Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. Great source of day! best image here below Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide, From world to world, the vital ocean round, On Nature write with every beam His praise. The thunder rolls! be hushed the prostrate world While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn. Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks, Retain the sound : the broad responsive low, Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns And his unsuffering kingdom vet will come. Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep, Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles, At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,

Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast, Assembled men, to the deep organ join The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear, At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass ; And, as each mingling flame increases each. In one united ardour rise to heaven. Or if you rather choose the rural shade, And find a fane in every sacred grove ; There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay, The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre, Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll, For me, when I forget the darling theme, Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams, Or Winter rises in the blackening east; Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more, And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

Should fate command me to the furthest verge Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes, Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam Flames on the Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me : Since God is ever present, ever felt, In the void waste as in the city full; And where He vital breathes there must be joy. When even at last the solemn hour shall come, And wing my mystic flight to future worlds, I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers, Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go Where Universal Love not smiles around, Sustaining all you orbs, and all their suns ; From seeming evil still educing good, And better thence again, and better still, In infinite progression. But I lose

Myself in Him, in Light ineffable! Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

THOMSON.

45

THE SEASONS.

1 When Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil;

When Summer's balmy showers refresh the mover's toil:

mower's ton;

When Winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,

In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns her Maker good.

2 The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade;

The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy glade;

The Sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way.

The Moon and Stars, their Master's name in silent pomp display.

3 Shall Man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,

Shall Man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?

No; let the year forsake its course, the seasons cease to be,

er, must we always love, and Saviour, hee. 4 The flowers of Spring may wither, the hope of Summer fade.

The Autumn droop in Winter, the birds forsake the shade:

The winds be lulled—the Sun and Moon forget their old decree,

But we, in Nature's latest hour, O Lord! will cling to Thee!

HEBER.

46

GOD IS LOVE.

Our God is love! repeats the youthful spring, Our God is love! the summer days proclaim; Our God is love! the autumnal valleys sing, And winter sweetly echoes to His name.

BOWRING.

47 THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD IN THE SEASONS.

I How pleasing is the voice
Of God our heavenly King,
Who bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely spring!
Bright sums arise,
The mild wind blows,
And beauty glows
Through earth and skies.

- 2 The morn, with glory crowned,
 His hand arrays in smiles:
 He bids the eve decline,
 Rejoicing o'er the hills:
 The evening breeze
 His breath perfumes:
 His beauty blooms
 In flowers and trees.
- 3 With life he clothes the spring,—
 The earth with summer warms:
 He spreads the autumnal feast,
 And rides on wintry storms:
 His gifts divine
 Through all appear;
 And round the year
 His glories shine,

DWIGHT.

48

THE SEASONS; A HYMN.

- I OFF have I seen the laughing Spring
 Shed her rich blessings o'er the Earth,
 While, born beneath her fragrant wing,
 Sprung Beauty forth, and Love and Mirth.
- 2 But Spring soon fied, and Summer then Her genial heats diffused around, And Nature's wildest, roughest glen Was by her hand with verdure crowned.

- 3 Sweet Summer, too, alas! was doomed To quit the rich and smiling plain: For while in fruitfulness she bloomed, Autumn began her glorious reign.
- 4 But Autumn's sun soon ceased to burn,
 And clouds, which rolled athwart the sky,
 Declared that Winter and his urn
 In viewless icy car was nigh.
- 5 When Winter came, the gorgeous sun Turned pale, and seemed to wait his doom; And all that late so radiant shone, Now sunk in Winter's joyless tomb.
- 6 Thus blooming is Life's early spring; For Nature on each path hath shed Her smiles, and pleasure seeks to fling Her garlands round each youthful head.
- 7 My Spring has fled, and Summer now Rich o'er my youthful cheek doth breathe, And soon to deck this gladsome brow, Autumn her holiest sweets will wreathe.
- 8 Yet, ere dim Winter's gloomy birth, Or Age destroy this cheek of bloom, Oh! I may press my mother Earth, And quit this vain world for the tomb.
- 9 Then let me, Lord, at whose command, Summer and Spring and Winter roll, Praise, while I've life, the Almighty hand That spans the world from pole to pole.

10 At morning's light, Lord of all space, I'll praise Thee, and at close of even; Then lend me, Lord, some ray of grace To light my trembling steps to Heaven.

T. RYAN.

SPRING

49

COMMENCEMENT OF SPRING

MINDFUL of disaster past, And shrinking at the northern blast, The sleety storm returning still, The morning hoar, and evening chill; Reluctant comes the timid spring. Scarce a bee with airy ring, Murmurs the blossomed boughs around, That clothe the garden's southern bound ; Scarce the hardy primrose peeps From the dark dell's entangled steeps. O'er the field of waving broom, Slowly shoots the golden bloom; And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale Tinctures the transitory gale. Scant along the ridgy land The beans their new-born ranks expand

The fresh-turned soil with tender blades Thinly the sprouting barley shades; Fringing the forest's devious edge Half-robed appears the hawthorn hedge, Or to the distant eye displays Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen, Skims in haste the village green: From the gray moor, on feeble wing, The screaming plovers idly spring: The butterfly, gay-painted soon, Explores awhile the tepid noon; And fondly trusts its tender dyes To fickle suns, and flattering skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen shower, If a cloud should chance to lower, Sailing o'er the landscape dark, Mute on a sudden is the lark; But when gleams the sun again O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain, And from behind his watery vail Looks through the thin-descending hail; She mounts, and lessening to the sight, Salutes the blithe return of light, And high her tuneful track pursues 'Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

WARTON.

50

From the sod no crocus peeps, And the snow-drop scarce is seen. And the daffodil yet sleeps In its radiant sheath of green; Yet the naked groves among Is an homeless music heard. And a welcoming is sung, 'Till the leafless boughs are stirred With a spirit and a life Which is floating all around ; And the covert glades are rife With the new awakened sound Of the birds, whose voices pour To an interrupted strain, As they scarcely were secure That the spring was come again. Soon the seasonable flowers Will a glad assurance bring, To their fresh and leafy bowers, Of the presence of the spring : And these snatches of delight Are the prelude of a song, That will daily gather might, And endure the summer long.

R. C. FRENCH.

51

SPRING.

1 The bleak winds of Winter are past,
The frost and the snow are both gone,
And the trees are beginning at last
To put their green leafiness on.

- 2 The snow-drop, like fvory white, The crocus, as yellow as gold, The hepatica, hardy and bright, Have ventured their bloom to unfold.
- 3 And, sweeter than these, in the lane, On its warm, sheltered bank may be found, The violets in blossom again, Shedding Spring's richest odours around.
- 4 The primrose and cowslip are out,
 And the fields are with daisies all gay;
 While the butterflies, flitting about,
 Seem glad in the sunshine to play.
- 5 Not more glad than the bee is to gather New honey to store in his cell; He too is abroad this fine weather, To rifle cup, blossom, and bell.
- 6 The goldfineh, and blackbird, and thrush, Are brimful of music and glee; They have each got a nest in some bush, And the rook has built his on a tree.
- 7 The lark's home is hid in the corn, But he springs from his low nest—on high, And warbles his welcome to morn, Till he seems like a speck on the sky.
- 8 Oh! who would be sleeping in bed When the skies with such melody ring, And the bright earth beneath him is fed With the beauty and fragrance of Spring!

BARTON-

54

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

- 1 I COME, I come ! ye have called me long. I come o'er the mountains with light and song. Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth, By the winds which tell of the violet's birth. By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass, By the green leaves opening as I pass.
- 2 I have breathed on the South; and the chesnutflowers,

By thousands, have burst from the forest-

bowers.

And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes, Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains. - But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom, To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

3 I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy North; And the larch has hung all his tassels forth, The fisher is out on the sunny sea, And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free.

And the pine has a fringe of softer green. And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

4 I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh.

And called out each voice of the deep blue sky, From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,

In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,

To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes, When the dark fir bough into verdure breaks.

5 From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;

They are sweeping on to the silvery main.

They are flashing down from the mountainbrows,

They are flinging spray on the forest boughs, They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves, And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

6 Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come! Where the violets lie may now be your home. Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye, And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly, With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,

Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay !

7 Away from the dwellings of care-worn men, The waters are sparkling in wood and glen,— Away from the chamber and dusky hearth, The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth, Their light stems thrill to the wild wood strains, And Youth is abroad in my green domains.

MRS HEMANS.

55

MARCH.

1 The stormy March is come at last,
With wind and cloud and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

- 2 Ah, passing few are they who speak, Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee; Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak, Thou art a welcome month to me.
- 3 For thou, to northern lands again,
 The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
 And thou hast joined the gentle train,
 And wearest the gentle name of Spring.
- 4 And in thy reign of blast and storm,
 Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
 When the changed winds are soft and warm,
 And heaven puts on the blue of May.
- 5 Then sing aloud the gushing rills,
 And the full springs from frost set free,
 That brightly leaping down the hills,
 Are just set out to meet the sea.
- 6 The year's departing beauty hides Of wintry storms the sullen threat; But, in thy sternest frown, abides A look of kindly promise yet.
- 7 Thou bringest the hope of those calm skies, And that soft time of sunny showers, When the wide bloom, on earth that lies, Seems of a brighter world than ours.

BRYANT.

56

SPRING

The great Sun, Scattering the clouds with a resistless smile, Came forth to do thee homage; a sweet hymn Was by the low winds chaunted in the sky; And when thy feet descended on the earth, Scarce could they move amid the clustering flowers

By Nature strewn o'er valley, hill, and field,
To hail her blessed deliverer!—Ye fair trees,
How are ye changed, and changing while I gaze!
It seems as if some gleam of verdant light
Fell on you from a rainbow; but it lives
Amid your tendrils, brightening every hour
Into a deeper radiance. Ye sweet birds,
Were you asleep through all the wintry hours,
Beneath the waters, or in mossy caves?—
Yet are ye not

Sporting in tree and air, more beautiful
Than the young lambs, that, from the valleyside.

Send a soft bleating like an infant's voice, Half happy, half afraid! O blessed things! At sight of this your perfect innocence, The sterner thoughts of manhood melt away Into a mood as mild as woman's dreams.

WILSON.

57

SPRING.

1 Dear as the dove, whose wafting wing
The green leaf ransomed from the main,
Thy genial glow, returning Spring!
Comes to our shores again.

For thou hast been a wanderer long, On many a fair and foreign strand; In balm and beauty, sun and song, Passing from land to land.

- 2 O'er vine-clad hills and classic plains, Of glowing climes beyond the deep; And by the dim and mouldering fanes Where the dead Cæsars sleep; And o'er Sierras, brightly blue, Where rest our country's fallen brave; Smiling through thy sweet tears, to strew Flower-offerings o'er each grave.
- 3 Thou bringest the blossom to the bee,
 To earth a robe of emerald dye,
 The leaflet to the naked tree,
 And rainbows to the sky:
 I feel the blest, benign control,
 The pulses of my youth restore,
 Opening the springs of sense and soul,
 To love and joy once more.
- 4 Then, while the groves thy garlands twine,
 Thy spirit breathes in flower and tree,
 My heart shall kindle at thy shrine,
 And worship God in thee;
 And in some calm, sequestered spot,
 Whilst listening to thy coral strain,
 Past griefs shall be a while forgot,
 And pleasures bloom again.

SPRING.

- 1 How smiling wakes the verdant year, Arrayed in velvet green! How glad the circling fields appear That bound the blooming scene!
- 2 Forth walks from heaven the beaming Spring, Calm as the dew she sheds; And o'er the Winter's muttering king, Her vale of roses spreads.
- 3 The sky serene, the waking flowers, The river's loosened wave, Repay the kind and tepid hours, With all the charms they gave.
- 4 And hark! From you melodious grove
 The feathered warblers break;
 And into notes of joy and love,
 The solitude awake!
- 5 And shall the first beloved of heaven, Mute listen, as they sing; Shall man, to whom the lyre is given, Not wake one grateful string!
- 6 O let me join the aspiring lay,
 That gives my Maker praise;
 Join, but in louder notes than they,
 Than all their praises raise!
- 7 O thou, from whose all-gracious eye
 The sun of splendour beams;
 Whose glories every ray supply,
 That gilds the trembling streams;—

- 8 O'er nature's green and teeming fields, Bid flowery graces rise; And every sweet, creation yields, Salute the morning skies.
- 9 Where yonder moves the plough of toil, Along the stubborn land, O kindly lift the yielding soil, And soothe the labouring hand.
- 10 Then bid gay fruitfulness around, Her blooming reign extend; And where thy richest gifts are found, Tell who the heavenly friend.

HUNT.

59

SPRING.

- I Now the golden morn aloft
 Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
 With vermeil cheek, and whisper soft
 She woos the tardy spring;
 Till April starts and calls around
 The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
 And lightly o'er the living scene
 Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.
- 2 New-born flocks, in rustic dance, Frisking ply their feeble feet, Forgetful of their wintry trance The birds his presence greet:

But chief the sky-lark warbles high His trembling, thrilling eestacy; And lessening from the dazzled sight, Melts into air and liquid light.

- 3 Rise my soul! on wings of fire,
 Rise the rapturous choir among;
 Hark! 'tis nature strikes the lyre,
 And leads the general song:
 Warm let the lyric transport flow,
 Warm as the ray that bids it glow;
 And animates the vernal grove
 With health, with harmony, and love.
- 4 Yesterday the sullen year
 Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
 Mute was the music of the air,
 The herd stood drooping by;
 Their raptures now that wildly flow,
 No yesterday, nor morrow know;
 'Tis man alone that joy descries,
 With forward, and reverted eyes.
- 5 See the wretch, that long has tost
 On the thorny bed of pain,
 At length repair his vigour lost,
 And breathe, and walk again:
 The meanest floweret of the vale,
 The simplest note that swells the gale,
 The common sun, the air, the skies,
 To him are opening paradise.

GRAY.

SUMMER.

60

SUMMER.

Now have young April and the blue-eyed May Vanished awhile, and lo! the glorious June (While nature ripens in his burning noon,) Comes like a young inheritor; and gay, Although his parent months have passed away : But his green crown shall wither, and the tune That ushered in his birth be silent soon, And in the strength of youth shall he decay. What matters this so long as in the past And in the days to come we live, and feel The present nothing worth, until it steal Away, and, like a disappointment, die ? For Joy, dim child of Hope and Memory, Flies ever on before or follows fast.

PROCTOR.

61 SUMMER IN SOUTH AMERICA.

SUMMER was in its prime :- the parrot flocks Darkened the passing sunshine on the rocks; The chrysomel and purple butterfly Amid the clear blue light are wandering by :

The humming-bird, along the myrtle bowers, With twinkling wing, is spinning o'er the flowers : The woodpecker is heard with busy bill, The mock-bird sings-and all beside is still. And look! the cataract that bursts so high, As not to mar the deep tranquillity. The tumult of its dashing fall suspends, And, stealing drop by drop, in mist descends ; Through whose illumined spray, and sprinkling dews.

Shine to the adverse sun the broken rainbow hues. Chequering, with partial shade, the beams of noon, And arching the grey rock with wild festoon, Here, its gay net-work, and fantastic twine, The purple cogul threads from pine to pine, And oft, as the fresh airs of morning breathe, Dips its long tendrils in the stream beneath. There, through the trunks, with moss and lichens

The sunshine darts its interrupted light, And, 'mid the cedar's darksome bough, illumes With instant touch, the lori's scarlet plumes. Just heard to trickle through a covert near, And soothing, with perpetual lapse, the ear, A fount, like rain-drops, filtered through the stone.

And, bright as amber, on the shallows shone. Intent his fairy pastime to pursue, And gem-like, hovering o'er the violets blue. The humming-bird, here, its unceasing song Heedlessly murmured all the Summer long ; And when the winter came, retired to rest, And from the myrtles hung its trembling nest. No sounds of a conflicting world were near; The noise of Ocean faintly met the ear, That seemed, as sunk to rest the noontide blast, But dying sounds of passion that were past; Or closing anthems, when, far off, expire The lessening echoes of the distant choir.

BOWLES.

62

SUMMER.

- Bright Summer beams along the sky, And paints the glowing year;
 Where'er we turn the raptured eye, Her splendid tints appear.
- 2 Then, when so fit to lift the song
 To gratitude and heaven,
 To whom her purple charms belong,
 From whom those charms are given?
- 3 Thee, Thee, Almighty King of kings, Man worships not alone; Each budding flower its incense brings, And wafts it to thy throne.
- 4 The fields with verdant mantle gay,
 The grove's sequestered walks,
 All, all around, thy praise display,
 And dumb creation talks.

- 5 When morn with rosy fingers fair, Her golden journey takes; When freshening Zephyrs fan the air, And animation wakes;
- 6 Man starts from emblematic death, And bends the grateful knee, To welcome with transported breath, New light, new life, and Thee!
- 7 When Noon averts his radiant face, And shuts his piercing eye; And Eve, with modest, measured pace, Steps up the western sky;—
- 8 Reposed beneath thy guardian wings
 The pious mortal rests;
 Nor knows one watchful care that springs
 Within unholy breasts.
- 9 What then if pealing thunders roll, If lightnings flash afar! Undaunted hears his tranquil soul, The elemental war.
- 10 'Tis but to him a parent's voice, That blesses while it blames; That bids unburdened air rejoice, And life and health proclaims.
- 11 Night's deepest gloom is but a calm, That soothes the wearied mind, The laboured day's restoring balm, The comfort of mankind.

TXUII.

63

SUMMER.

1 'Tis summer, 'tis summer, the wild birds are singing, The woods and the glens with their sweet notes

are ringing;

The skies are all glowing with crimson and gold,

And the trees their bright blossoms begin to unfold.

unfold.

The cushat is breathing his murmurs of love,
The stars are adorning the blue skies above.

While the moon in her beauty is shining on high.

And soothing the heart, while she pleases the

2 'Tis summer, 'tis summer,-and Winter no

Is heard in the winds, or the ocean's wild roar; But so calm are the waves over all the great deep,

That their murmurs might lull a young infant

to sleep.

The streamlets are gliding all lovely and calm—And the zephyrs come laden with fragrance and balm;

Then, oh! let us bow to the merciful Power,

Who lives in the sunbeam, the tree, and the flower,

Who stills the wild tempest, and bids the vast sea

Unruffled and calm as a placid lake be-

Let us bow to that God, who gave Summer its birth.

And who scatters his treasures all over the earth.

ANON

64

SUMMER TINTS.

How sweet I've wandered bosom-deep in grain, When Summer's mellowing pencil sweeps the shade

Of ripening tinges o'er the chequered plain:
Light tawny oat-lands with a yellow blade;
And bearded corn like armies in parade;

Beans lightly scorched, that still preserve their green;

And nodding lands of wheat in bleachy brown; And streaking banks, where many a maid and clown

Contrast a sweetness to the rural scene,— Forming the little haycocks up and down;

While o'er the face of nature softly swept
The lingering wind, mixing the brown and

green
So sweet that shepherds from their bowers have

erept,

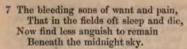
And stood delighted musing o'er the scene.

CLARK.

65

SUMMER.

- 1 Hatt Summer! glory of the year,
 And bright perfection of the Spring!
 Thou dost, in thy superb career,
 The full-blown roses bring.
- 2 Thine are the fields of liquid dew, Poured from the fountain of the morn; The mountains robed in deeper blue, The tracts of verdant corn.
- 3 Thine incense floats on every breeze, Ascending sweetly to the skies, As if from all thy flowers and trees There rose one sacrifice.
- 4 Now long, serene, and bright the days; And oft, at noon, the landscape round Lies wrapt in one unclouded blaze, That warms the teeming ground.
- 5 The sunny and well-watered earth, A rich luxuriant garden seems; And flowers of every hue have birth Beside unnumbered streams.
- 6 The traveller, weary on his way,
 Now rests and finds a sweet repose
 Beneath the beech-tree's blooming spray,
 Or where the fountain flows.



8 And thus, O Summer! thou dost bring Peculiar blessings to the low; God makes thy warmth a blessed thing To poverty and woe.

J. DODDS.

AUTUMN.

66

AUTUMN.

1 Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness, Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun; Conspiring with him how to load and bless With fruit the vines that round the thatcheaves run;

To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ! Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find

Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,

Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind Or in a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,

Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while the

Spares the next swath and all its twine flowers:

And sometimes, like a gleaner, thou dost kee Steady thy laden head across a brook; Or by a cyder press, with patient look, Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours

3 Where are the songs of Spring? Aye, when are they!

Think not of them, thou hast thy mus

While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day And touch the stubble plains with rosy huc Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn Among the river sallows, borne aloft,

Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hill bourne:

Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treb

The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

KEATS.

- 1 Autumn, I love thy bower
 With faded garlands drest;
 How sweet, alone to linger there
 When tempests ride the midnight air,
 To snatch from mirth a fleeting hour,
 The sabbath of the breast!
- 2 Autumn, I love thee well; Though bleak thy breezes blow, I love to see the vapours rise, And clouds roll wildly round the skies, Where from the plain the mountains swell, And foaming torrents flow.
- 3 Autumn, thy fading flowers
 Droop but to bloom again;
 So man, though doomed to grief awhile,
 To hang on Fortune's fickle smile,
 Shall glow in Heaven with nobler powers,
 Nor sigh for peace in vain.

HAVEN. (American.)

RR

AUTUMN.

THERE is a fearful spirit busy now;
Already have the elements unfurled
Their banners: the great sea-wave is upcurle
The cloud comes: the fierce winds begin to be

About, and blindly on their errands go;
And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurled
From their dry boughs, and all the forest world,
Stripped of its pride, be like a desert show.
I love that moaning music which I hear
In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul

In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul Seems gathering tidings from another sphere, And, in sublime mysterious sympathy, Man's bounding spirit ebbs, and swells more high,

Accordant to the billow's loftier roll.

PROCTOR.

69

AUTUMN.

- 1 FAIR Autumn spreads her fields of gold, And waves her amber wand; See earth its yellow charms unfold Beneath her magic hand!
- 2 Unrivalled beauty decks our vales, Bright fruitfulness our plains; Gay earth with cheerfulness prevails, And smiling glory reigns.
- 3 To Thee, great liberal, source of all, We strike our earthly lyre; Till Thou our rising souls shalt call, And angels form the choir.

- 4 The splendour that enchants our eyes, Reminds us of Thy fame; The blessings that from earth arise, Thy generous hand proclaim.
- 5 The plenty round our meadows seen, Is emblem of thy love; And harmony that binds the scene, The peace that reigns above.
- 6 Beneath the sickle, smiling round,
 And in destruction fair,
 The golden harvest strews the ground,
 And shuts the laboured year.
- 7 Man drops into refreshing rest, And smooths his wearied brow; With rural peace the herds are blest, And nature smiles below!
- 8 O let Thy hand, parental King, Be opened to our prayers! Unlock sweet plenty's liberal spring, And shower untainted airs.

HUNT.

70

HARVEST.

I Now let our hearts conspire to raise
A tribute of united praise
To nature's bounteous King;
Whose voice, loud sounding from the pole,

In thunder oft is heard to roll; And oft has melted down the soul, When, murmering soft along, it stole The zephyr's silken wing.

- 2 With bread, the heart of man to cheer, See, bending low, the ripened ear Bow its luxuriant head! In vain, ye swains, had been your care, Had not He caused the blight to spare The promise of the summer fair; And bid the sun, the rain, the air, Their kindly influence shed.
- 3 He bade the soft, refreshing gale,
 Blow gently down the teeming vale,
 Nor hurt the peeping grain;
 But, when the ear began to rise,
 To him we raised our anxious eyes:
 Oft, from the cisterns of the skies,
 He sent, in mercy, rich supplies;
 Early and latter rain.
- 4 And now His hand has crowned our toil,
 We joy like those who share the spoil,
 The harvest home to bear!
 With shouts the laughing pastures ring;
 With grateful hearts, ye reapers, sing
 The praise of Heaven's eternal King,
 Through whose paternal care ye bring
 The produce of the year!

COLLYER.

SEPTEMBER.

- 1 The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
 Are hung as if with golden shields,
 Bright trophies of the sun!
 Like a fair sister of the sky,
 Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
 The mountains looking on.
- 2 And, sooth to say, yon vocal grove, Albeit uninspired by love, By love untaught to ring, May well afford to mortal ear An impulse more profoundly dear Than music of the Spring.
- 3 For that from turbulence and heat Proceeds, from some uneasy seat In Nature's struggling frame; Some region of impatient life; And jealousy, and quivering strife, Therein a portion claim.
- 4 This, this is holy;—while I hear These vespers of another year, This hymn of thanks and praise, My spirit seems to mount above The anxieties of human love, And carth's precarious days.

5 But list!—though Winter's storms be nigh, Unchecked is that soft harmony: There lives who can provide For all his creatures; and in Him, Even like the radiant Scraphim, These Choristers confide.

WORDSWORTH.

72

OCTOBER.

The year is now declining; and the air,

—When morning blushes on the orient hills—
Embued with icy chillness. Ocean's wave
Has lost the tepid glow, and slumbering fogs
On clouded days brood o'er its level plain;
Yet, when the day is at meridian height,
The sun athwart the fading landscape smiles
With most paternal kindness, softly sweet,
And delicately beautiful,—a prince
Blessing the realms whose glory comes from hir

The foliage of the forest, brown and sere;
Drops on the margin of the stubble field,
In which the partridge lingers insecure,
And raises oft, at sombre even-tide,
With plaintive throat, her dull and tremulously!

The sickle of the husbandman hath ceased, And left the lap of Nature shorn and bare; The odorous clover flowers have disappeared; The yellow pendulous grain is seen no more;

The perfume of the bean-field has decayed; And roams the wandering bee o'er many a path, For blossoms which have perished. Grassy blades, Transparent, taper, and of sickly growth, Shoot, soon to wither, in the sterile fields. The garden fruits have mellowed with the year, And, save the lingering apricot, remains Nor trace nor token of the summer's wealth! Yet, on the wild-brier stands the yellow hip ; And, from the branches of the mountain-ash, The clustering berries drop their crimson beads Descending. On the dark laburnum's sides. Mix pods of lighter green among the leaves, Taper, and springless, hasting to decay; And on the wintry honeysuckle's stalk The succulent berries hang. The robin sits Upon the mossy gateway, singing clear A requiem to the glory of the woods. And, when the breeze awakes, a frequent shower Of withered leaves bestrews the weedy paths, Or from the branches of the willow whirl, With rustling sound, upon the turbid stream.

ANON.

73

THE HARVEST.

1 Gop sends the Harvest to the year, Nor disappoints the hope of Spring; His bounties life to man endear, And nourish every living thing. 2 His promise to the reaper stands; Then, Christian, why that faithless dread? The God who fills the reaper's hands Will feed thy soul with living bread.

J. DODDS.

74

END OF AUTUMN.

1 Autumn departs—but still his mantle's fold Rests on the groves of noble Somerville, Beneath a shroud of russet droppped with gold Tweed and his tributaries mingle still; Hoarser the wind, and deeper sounds the rill, Yet lingering notes of sylvan music swell, The deep-toned cushat, and the red-breast shrill;

And yet some tints of summer splendour tell When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's western fell.

2 Autumn departs—from Gala's fields no more Come rural sounds our kindred banks to cheer; Blent with the stream, and gale that wafts it o'er,

No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear.

The last blithe shout hath died upon our ear,

And harvest-home liath hushed the clanging
wain;

On the waste hill no forms of life appear,

Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal tra Some age-struck wanderer gleans few ears scattered grain.

3 Deem'st thou these saddened scenes have ple sure still,

Lovest thou through Autumn's fading realms stray.

To see the heath-flower withered on the hill,

To listen to the wood's expiring lay,

To note the red leaf shivering on the spray, To mark the last bright tints the mounta stain.

On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's way And moralize on mortal joy and pain ?

O! if such scenes thou lov'st, scorn not the mi strel strain.

4 No! do not scorn, although its hoarser note Scarce with the cushat's homely song can vie Though faint its beauties as the tints remote That gleam through mist on Autumn's evenisky.

And few as leaves that tremble, sear and dry When wild November hath his bugle wound Nor meck my toil—a lonely gleaner I,

Through fields time-wasted, on sad inque bound.

Where happier bards of yore have richer harve

SCOTT.

75 CLOSE OF AUTUMN.

1 The melancholy days are come, the saddest the year,

Of wailing winds and naked woods and meddows brown and sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withere leaves lie dead.

They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabit's tread;

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay.

And from the wood top calls the crow, throug all the gloomy day.

2 Where are the flowers, the fair young flower that lately sprung and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteou sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves—the gent race of flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair an good of ours:

The rain is falling where they lie—but the col November rain Calls not from out the gloomy earth the love

ones again.

3 The wind-flower and the violet, they perishe

3 The wind-flower and the violet, they perishe long ago,

And the brier-rose, and the orchis died, ami the summer's glow; But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster the wood,

And the yellow sunflower by the brook autumn beauty stood.

Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, falls the plague on men.

And the brightness of their smile was go from upland, glade, and glen.

4 And now when comes the calm mild day still such days will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out the winter home:

When the sound of dropping nuts is hear though all the trees are still,

And twinkle in the hazy light the waters of trill,

The south wind searches for the flowers who

fragrance late he bore, And sighs to find them in the wood and by t

stream no more.
5 And then I think of one who in her youth:

beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and fad

by my side.

In the cold moist earth we laid her, when t forest cast the leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have lot so brief:

Yet not unmeet it was, that one, like that you friend of ours,

So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

THAYAR

CLOSE OF AUTUMN.

- 1 Swert Sabbath of the year! While evening lights decay, Thy parting steps methinks I hear Steal from the world away.
- 2 Amid thy silent bowers, 'Tis sad, but sweet, to dwell; Where falling leaves and drooping flowers Around me breathe farewell.
- 3 Along thy sunset skies, Their glories melt in shade; And like the things we fondly prize, Seem lovelier as they fade.
- 4 A deep and crimson streak
 Thy dying leaves disclose;
 As, on Consumption's waning cheek,
 'Mid ruin blooms the rose.
- 5 Thy scene each vision brings Of beauty in decay; Of fair and early faded things, Too exquisite to stay.
- 6 Of joys that come no more; Of flowers whose bloom is fled; Of farewells wept upon the shore; Of friends estranged or dead.

7 Of all that now may seem.
To memory's tearful eye,
The vanished beauty of a dream,
O'er which we gaze and sigh.

MONTGOMERY.

77

AUTUMNAL DECAY.

- 1 Thou desolate and dying year!
 Emblem of transitory man,
 Whose wearisome and wild career,
 Like them, is bounded to a span;
 It seems but as a little day
 Since nature smiled upon thy birth,
 And spring came forth in fair array,
 To dance upon the joyous earth.
- 2 Sad alteration!—Now how lone,
 How verdureless is nature's breast;
 Where ruin makes his empire known,
 In autumn's yellow vesture drest:
 The sprightly bird, whose carol sweet
 Broke on the breath of early day—
 The summer-flowers she loved to greet—
 The bird—the flowers—oh, where are they!
- 3 Thou desolate and dying year!
 Yet lovely in thy lifelessness,
 As beauty stretched upon the bier
 In death's clay-cold and dark caress;

There's loveliness in thy decay, Which breathes, which lingers round thee still, Like memory's mild and cheering ray Beaming upon the night of ill.

4 Yet—yet the radiance is not gone
Which sheds a richness o'er the scene,
Which smiles upon the golden dawn
When skies were brilliant and serene—
Oh! still a melancholy smile
Gleams upon nature's aspect fair,
To charm the eye a little while,
Ere ruin spreads his mantle there!

ANON.

WINTER

78

APPROACH OF WINTER.

What time the once unnoticed tide,
Fast swelling rolls a torrent wide;
What time the fields are frequent strown
With scattered leaves of yellow brown;
What time the hawthorn berries glow,
And, touched by frost, the ripened sloe

Less crudely tastes; and when the sheep Together in the vallies keep; And all the smaller birds appear In flocks, and mourn the altered year : The careful rustic marks the signs Of winter, marks them and repines : Swift to the neighbouring wood he goes, Its branches fall beneath his blows. And, as they fall, his healthy brood In bundles tie the sapless wood, And bear it on their heads away. As fuel for the wintry day. At length the chilling mists arise Wide o'er the earth, and veil the skies : The feathered shower falls quickly down. And deeper seems dark winter's frown ; The north-wind hollow murmuring blows, And drives in heaps the falling snows; While Fancy (now without her flowers Her wandering streams, her mystic bowers), Delighted, rides upon the wind, And shapes the wild forms to her mind,-Me, when the rising morning breaks The rear of night with ruddy streaks, She calls the altered scenes to view. And fill the soul with features new. How changed, how silent is the grove, Late the gay haunt of youth and love ! Its tangling branches now are shorn Of leafy honours, and upborne By their close tops, the snow has made Beneath a strange and solemn shade.

WESTALL

WINTER.

O WINTER! ruler of the inverted year!
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other
snows

Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds.

A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne A sliding car, indebted to no wheels, But urged by storms along its slippery way. I love thee, all unlovely as thou seemest, And dreaded as thou art !- Thou holdest the sun A prisoner in the yet undawning east. Shortening his journey between morn and noon, And hurrying him, impatient of his stay, Down to the rosy west ; but kindly still Compensating his loss with added hours Of social converse, and instructive ease, And gathering, at short notice, in one group, The family dispersed, and fixing thought, Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares, I crown thee king of intimate delights. Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness. And all the comforts, that the lowly roof Of undisturbed Retirement, and the hours Of long uninterrupted Evening, know.

COWPER.

WINTER.

Trus is the eldest of the seasons: he
Moves not like Spring with gradual step, nor
grows

From bud to beauty, but with all his snows Comes down at once in hoar antiquity. No rains nor loud proclaiming tempests flee Before him, nor unto his time belong The suns of summer, nor the charms of song, That with May's gentle smiles so well agree.

But he, made perfect in his birth-day cloud, Starts into sudden life with scarce a sound, And with a tender footstep prints the ground, As though to cheat man's ear: yet while he stays

He seems as 'twere to prompt our merriest days,

And bid the dance and joke be long and loud.

PROCTOR.

81

WINTER.

Thou hast thy beauties: sterner ones I own,
Than those of thy precursors; yet to thee
Belong the charms of solemn majesty
And naked grandeur. Awful is the tone

Of thy tempestuous nights, when clouds are blown

By hurrying winds across the troubled sky;
Pensive, when softer breezes faintly sigh
Through leafless boughs, with ivy overgrown.
Thou hast thy decorations too; although
Thou art austere: thy studded mantle, gay
With icy brilliants, which as proudly glow

As erst Golconda's; and thy pure array
Of regal ermine, when the drifted snow
Envelopes Nature; till her features seem
Like pale, but lovely ones, seen when we dream.

BARTON.

82

WINTER.

- 1 HARK! 'twas dark Winter's sullen voice, That told the glooms that reigned; That bade the plains no more rejoice, And all the waves be chained.
- 2 See yellow Autumn dies away; The pallid sire is come! The plains his shivering rules obey, And every wave is dumb!
- 3 Yet still with cheerful heart I pace The whitened vale below; And smile at every printed trace, I leave upon the snow.

- 4 Thus (soft I whisper to my breast), Man treads life's weary waste; Each step that leads to better rest Forgot as soon as past!
- 5 For what is life and all its bliss! The splendour of a fly; The breathing of a morning's kiss; A summer's flushing sky.
- 6 Dismantled lies the gaudy fly;
 Morn droops at evening's frown;
 And Summer, though so gay her eye,
 Tempestuous terrors crown!
- 7 Yes, Lord; but shoots no gladdening day Through this nocturnal scene? Decks not one gem of lively ray Grief's darksome wave unseen?
- 8 How sweet the evergreen beguiles
 The gloom of yonder snow!
 And thus religion cheers with smiles,
 Life's wintry waste of woe.

HUNT.

83

WINTER.

1 Pale rugged Winter bending o'er his tread,
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew:
His eyes, a dusky light, congealed and dead,
His robe, a tinge of bright ethereal blue;—

2 His train, a motleyed, sanguine, sable cloud, He limps along the russet dreary moor; Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen, and loud,

Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

CHATTERTON.

38.4

WINTER MAKES SPRING.

MANTLED in storms;—attended by the roar
Of whirling winds, and flight of showery snows,
Dread Winter comes, and all around him throws
Wide desolation. From his northern store
Tempests of hail, and dark-robed thunders pour.
The gurgling rivulet no longer flows
When he with icy breath upon it blows:
The naked trees and shrubs look gay no more.
Shall Winter rage for ever? No? the sound
Of his rude car shall rouse the slumbering
Spring;

Beneath the kindling sun, the verdant ground Shall bloom again; the groves with music ring. Child of distress!—when life's black storms are fled.

The rays of heavenly Spring shall crown thy head.

ANON.

WINTER NIGHT.

A WINTER night! the stormy wind is high, Rocking the leafless branches to and fro; The sailor's wife shrinks as she hears it blow, And mournfully surveys the starless sky: The hardy shepherd turns out fearlessly

To tend his fleecy charge in drifted snow; And the poor homeless, houseless child of woe Sinks down, perchance, in dumb despair to die! Happy the fire-side student; happier still

The social circle round the blazing hearth,—
If, while these estimate aright the worth
Of every blessing which their cup may fill,
Their grateful hearts with sympathy can thrill
For every form of wretchedness on earth.

BARTON.

De

ODE WRITTEN IN WINTER.

1 While in the sky black clouds impend,
And fogs arise, and rains descend;
And one brown prospect opens round,
Of leafless trees and furrowed ground;
Save where unmelted spots of snow
Upon the shaded hill-side show;
While chill winds blow, and tempests roll,
The scene appals the sight, depresses all the soul!

- 2 Yet worse, what polar climates share : Vast regions, dreary, bleak, and bare ! There, on an icy mountain's height, Seen only by the moon's pale light, Stern Winter rears his giant form, His robe a mist, his voice a storm : His frown the shivering nations fly,
- And hid, for half the year, in smoky caverns lie.
- 3 Yet there the lamp's perpetual blaze Can pierce the gloom with cheering rays; Yet there the heroic tale or song Can urge the lingering hours along : Yet there their hands, with timely care, The kajak and the dart prepare, On summer seas to work their way, And wage the watery war, and make the seals

their prey.

4 Ye delicate! reproach no more The seasons of your native shore. Here soon shall Spring descend the sky, With smiling brow and placid eye; A primrose wreath surrounds her hair. Her green robe floats upon the air ; And scattered from her liberal hand.

Fair blossoms deck the trees, fair flowers adorn the land.

NOVEMBER.

November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sere.
Late, gazing down the steepy linn
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled green-wood grew,
So feeble trilled the streamlet through:
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier, no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer Autumn's glowing red Upon our forest hills is shed; No more, beneath the evening's beam. Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam : Away hath passed the heather-bell That bloomed so rich on Needpath fell; Sallow his brow, and russet bare Are now the sister-heights of Yare. The sheep, before the pinching heaven, To sheltered dale and down are driven. Where yet some faded herbage pines, And yet a watery sunbeam shines: In meek despondency they eye The withered sward and wintry sky, And far beneath their summer hill, Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill :

The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold, And wraps him closer from the cold; His dogs no merry circles wheel, But, shivering, follow at his heel; As deeper means the gathering blast.

SCOTT.

DAY AND NIGHT, MORNING AND EVENING, etc.

DAY.

88

THE DAY.

- 1 Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, Bridal of earth and sky, The dew shall weep thy fall to-night; For thou, alas! must die.
- 2 Sweet rose, in airs whose odours wave, And colour charms the eye, Thy root is ever in its grave, And thou, alas! must die.
- 3 Sweet spring, of days and roses made, Whose charms for beauty vie, Thy days depart, thy roses fade, Thou too, alas! must die.

DAY.

4 Be wise then, Christian, while you may, For swiftly time is flying; The thoughtless man, that laughs to-day, To-morrow will be dying.

HORNE.

89

NOON.

THE sun is swiftly mounted high; It glitters in the southern sky; Its beams with force and glory beat, And fruitful earth is filled with heat. Father, also, with thy fire Warm the cold and dead desire, And make the sacred love of thee Within my soul, a sun to me; Let it shine so fairly bright, That nothing else be took for light ; That worldly charms be seen to fade, And in its lustre find a shade. Let it strongly shine within, To scatter all the clouds of sin. That drive, when gusts of passion rise, And intercept it from our eyes. Let its glory more than vie With the sun that lights the sky; Let it swiftly mount in air, Mount with that, and leave it there, And soar, with more aspiring flight, To realms of everlasting light.

Thus, while here I'm forced to be, I daily wish to live with thee, And feel that union which thy love Will, after death, complete above. From my soul I send my prayer: Great Creator, bow thine ear : Thou, for whose propitious sway The world was taught to see the day ; Who spake the word, and earth begun And showed its beauties in the sun : With pleasure I thy creatures view, And would, with good affection too, Good affection, sweetly free. Loose from them, and move to thee. O teach me due returns to give, And to thy glory let me live; And then my days shall shine the more, Or pass more blessed than before.

PARNELL.

90

NOON.

'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun Darts on the head direct his forceful rays. O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye Can sweep, a dazzling deluge rains; and all From pole to pole is undistinguished blaze. In vain the sight, dejected, to the ground Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending steams And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root

Of vegetation parched, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither even the soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening seythe: the mower, sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfumed;
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature
pants.

The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, through the unsheltered glade, impatient,
seem

To hurl into the covert of the grove.

THOMSON.

91

A SUMMER DAY.

Sunrise-Forenoon.

- 1 The sun is rising, and an eastern breeze Is blowing freshness through the waving trees; The air is kindling into rosy light, And Day rides forth in flaming chariot bright.
- 2 Thick-sown with freshening dew the meadow lies,

And misty vapours from the valley rise, To curl like robes around the mountains dun, Then melt away before the thirsty sun.

- 3 The rural revelry, that rang the while The husbandman began his pleasant toil, Now dies away, and Industry severe In peace pursues the labours of the year.
- 4 The herds have settled to their pastures gree An animated, yet a quiet scene; Along the flowery sward they slowly pass, And revel on the richness of the grass.
- 5 So silent grows the day, that even the bird Among the rustling leaves is clearly heard, And the sweet murmur of the tiny stream That wild flowers shelter from the solar beau
- 6 Now the clear sun looks fiercely down, as soon
 Will he be mounted on the tower of noon;
 The massy shadow of yon stately tree
 Glooms like a dark isle in a tropic sea.

Noon.

- 7 Now comes the calm luxurious hour of rest, By all the panting sons of labour blest; Sweet at this burning season, doubly sweet To all who mingle in its toil and heat.
- 8 The humming beech-tree shadow o'er him ca The sun-burnt hedger sits at his repast, Like monarch at a feast; with relish rare He banquets on his poor unseasoned fare.

9 The lambs that sported, and the ewes that fed, The morning long, now seek the rustic shed, Or by the shady margin of the wood They rest, and o'er their past regalement brood.

- 10 In fine, all creatures of the earth and air, Oppressed and panting, to the shade repair, And feel it all their luxury to shun The torrid splendour of the lofty sun.
- 11 Beside the secret and dark-shaded bank, With dewy flowers and undried verdure rank, The pensive stripling seeks the waters cool, And plunges, swan-like, in the quiet pool.
- 12 The aged shepherd, on the mountain side Stretched thoughtfully, beholds a prospect wide; A stunted thorn its shadow o'er him flings, And at his feet a bubbling fountain springs.
- 13 There doth the rustic sage untroubled lie, And ponder much untaught philosophy; With look of silent rapture he surveys The pictured valley lying in a blaze.
- 14 By Nature's best inheritance 'tis his; Thence he derives a heritage of bliss. Though but the master of an humble fold, His the delight, another's is the gold.

Afternoon-Night.

- 15 But now the woodman, lively after rest,
 Resumes his toil upon the mountain's breast,
 And with a blithsome, oft-repeated tune,
 Beguiles the long and sunny afternoon.
- 16 By the wild brook, among its rushy bowers, The little village maidens gather flowers. To their charmed sense, the beauteous buds they hold Are dearer far than fairy gems and gold.
- 17 Without a tear—yet grief too soon will come—
 They sport, nor is their merry pastime dumb;—
 So lovely in their fleeting lives, they seem
 Like water-lilies floating down a stream.
- 18 These sportive children of the laughing eye,
 And brow serene as the unclouded sky,
 Run gracefully, and shout, and look behind,
 Their bright locks playing in the summer wind.
- 19 But tired with shouting sport, and mirth's excess,

They fling themselves, in careless loveliness, Upon the green sward, and with half-shut eyes,

They sing old rhymes and rural melodies.

20 So may we deem, in heaven's serener clime,

That tender children, snatched away from time,

Enjoy eternity in blooming bowers,

And sing God's glory amid streams and flowers.

- 21 But lo! a darkening cloud of softest rain,
 Falls, like a pearly veil, upon the plain.
 The glittering fields rejoice in greenest hue,
 And all the air is moistened with a dew.
- 22 With lovely strength looks forth the setting sun,

As one whose glorious race is nearly run;
The clouds around him, by his splendour
riven.

Glow like the golden battlements of heaven.

- 23 A universal song is in the woods,
 A pleasant voice comes from the sylvan floods;
 The evening breeze is odorous and bland,
 And starry Night beholds a quiet land.
- 24 Source of our life, and Giver of our days!

 Let me, at morn and eve, thy glory praise;

 And when these earthly years have passed away,

 May I enjoy an endless Summer day.

J. DODDS.

MIGHT.

92

NIGHT.

Night is fair Virtue's immemorial friend.
The conscious moon, through every distant age,
Has held a lamp to Wisdom; and let fall,
On contemplation's eye her purging ray.

DKUOY.

NIGHT.

- 1 Night is the time for rest:

 How sweet, when labours close,
 To gather round an aching breast
 The curtain of repose,
 Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
 Down on our own delightful bed!
- 2 Night is the time for dreams; The gay romance of life, When truth that is, and truth that seems Mix in fantastic strife: Ah! visions, less beguiling far Than waking dreams by day-light are!
- 3 Night is the time for toil;
 To plough the classic field,
 Intent to find the buried spoil
 Its wealthy furrows yield;
 Till all is ours that sages taught,
 That poets sang and heroes wrought.
- 4 Night is the time to weep;
 To wet with unseen tears
 Those graves of memory where sleep
 The joys of other years;

Hopes, that were angels at their birth, But died when young like things of earth.

5 Night is the time to watch;
O'er ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

6 Night is the time for care
Brooding on hours mis-spent,
To see the spectre of Despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Summoned to die by Cæsar's ghost.

7 Night is the time to think;
When, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight, and, on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

8 Night is the time to pray;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will his followers do,—
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

9 Night is the time for death; When all around is peace Calmly to yield the weary breath, From sin and suffering cease, Think of Heaven's bliss, and give the sign To parting friends;—such death be mine.

MONTGOMERY.

94

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT AT SEA.

THE Moon is watching in the sky; the Stars Are swiftly wheeling on their golden cars; Ocean, outstretched with infinite expanse, Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance; The tide, o'er which no troubling spirits breathe, Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath; Where, poised as in the centre of a sphere, A ship above, and ship below appear; A double image pictured on the deep, The vessel o'er its shadow seems to sleep; Yet, like the host of Heaven, that never rest, With evanescent motion to the west, The pageant glides through loveliness and night, And leaves behind a rippling wake of light.

MONTGOMERY.

MOON-LIGHT NIGHT.

How beautiful is Night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory yonder Moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round Ocean, girdled with the sky.

How beautiful is Night!

SOUTHEY.

96

MOON-LIGHT NIGHT.

Tts midnight; on the mountains brown, The cold round Moon shines deeply down; Blue roll the waters, blue the sky Spreads like an Ocean hung on high, Bespangled with those isles of light, So wildly, spiritually bright; Who ever gazed upon them shining, And turned to earth without repining, Nor wished for wings to flee away, And mix with their eternal ray!

97 moo

MOON-LIGHT NIGHT AT SEA.

It is the midnight hour:—the beauteous Sea, Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven discloses,

While many a sparkling Star, in quiet glee, Far down within the watery sky reposes. As if the Ocean's heart were stirred

With inward life, a sound is heard,

Like that of dreamer murmuring in his sleep; 'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air, That lies like a garment floating fair

Above the happy Deep. The Sea, I ween, cannot be fanned

By evening freshness from the land,
For the land is far away;

But God hath willed that the sky-born breeze In the centre of the loneliest seas,

Should ever sport and play.
The mighty Moon she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love,
A zone of dim and tender light,
That makes her wakeful eye more bright:
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the night looks like a mellowed day!
The gracious Mistress of the Main
Hath now an undisturbed reign!
And from her silent throne looks down,
As upon children of her own,
On the waves that lend their gentle breast
In gladness for her couch of rest!

WILSON.

MOON-LIGHT NIGHT.

How beautiful on yonder casement panes
The mild Moon gazes,—mark!
With what a lonely and majestic step
She treads the heavenly hills!
And oh! how soft, how silently she pours
Her chastened radiance on the scene below;
And hill, and dale, and tower,
Drink the pure flood of light?
Roll on—roll thus, Queen of the midnight hour,
For ever beautiful!

NEELE.

99

MOON-LIGHT NIGHT.

How beautiful this Night! The balmiest sigh Which vernal zephyrs breathe in Evening's ear, Were discord to the speaking quietude That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,

Studded with Stars unutterably bright, Through which the Moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,

Seems like a canopy which Love had spread To curtain her sleeping world. You gentle hills, Robed in a garment of untrodden snow; You darksome walls, whence icicles depend So stainless, that their white and glittering spears Tinge not the Moon's pure beam; you castled steep,

Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower So idly, that wrapt Fancy deemeth it A metaphor of Peace,—all form a scene Where musing Solitude might love to lift Her soul above this sphere of earthliness; Where Silence undisturbed might watch alone, So cold, so bright, so still.

SHELLEY.

100

STAR-LIGHT NIGHT.

- 1 I GAZE upon yon orbs of light,
 The countless stars that gem the sky;
 Each in its sphere serenely bright,
 Wheeling its course,—how silently!
 While in the mantle of the night,
 Earth and its cares and troubles lie.
- 2 Temple of light and loveliness,
 And throne of grandeur! can it be
 That souls, whose kindred loftiness
 Nature hath framed to rise to thee,
 Should pine within this narrow place,
 This prison of mortality!
 - 3 What madness from the path of right
 For ever leads our steps astray,
 That, reckless of thy pure delight,

We turn from this divine array, To chase a shade that mocks the sight— A good that vanisheth away!

- 4 Awake, ye mortals, raise your eyes
 To you eternal starry spheres.—
 Look on these glories of the skies!
 Then answer, how this world appears,
 With all its pomps and vanities,
 With all its hopes, and all its fears.
- 5 What, but a speck of earth at last, Amidst the illimitable sky, A point that sparkles in the vast Effulgence of yon galaxy; In whose mysterious round the past, The present, and the future lie.
- 6 Who can look forth upon this blaze Of heavenly lamps so brightly shining Through the unbounded void of space, A hand unseen their course assigning; All moving with unequal pace, Yet in harmonious concord joining.—
- 7 Who that has seen these splendours roll, And gazed on this majestic scene, But sighed to 'scape the world's control, Spurning its pleasures poor and mean, To burst the bonds that bind the soul, And pass the gulf that yawns between?

TWILIGHT.

MEEK Twilight! haste to shroud the solar ray, And bring the hour my pensive spirit loves; When o'er the hill is shed a paler day, That gives to stillness and to night the groves. Ah! let the gay, the roseate morning hail, When, in the various blooms of light arrayed, She bids fresh beauty live along the vale, And rapture trembles in the vocal shade: Sweet is the lucid morning's opening flower, Her choral melodies benignly rise; Yet dearer to my soul the shadowy hour, At which her blossoms close, her music dies: For then mild Nature, while she droops her head, Wakes the soft tear 'tis luxury to shed.

MISS WILLIAMS.

MORNING.

102

MORNING.

1 Swiftly from the mountain's brow, Shadows, nursed by Night, retire; And the peeping sunbeam, now Paints with gold the village spire.

- 2 Philomel forsakes the thorn, Plaintive where she prates at night; And the lark, to meet the Morn, Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.
- 3 From the low-roofed cottage ridge, See the chattering swallow spring: Darting through the one-arched bridge, Quick she dips her dappled wing.
- 4 Now the pine-tree's waving top Gently greets the Morning gale : Kidlings now begin to crop Daisies in the dewy dale.
- 5 From the balmy sweets, uncloyed, (Restless till her task be done) Now the busy bee's employed Sipping dew before the sun.
- 6 Trickling through the creviced rock, Where the limpid stream distils, Sweet refreshment waits the flock When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.
- 7 Colin, for the promised corn (Ere the harvest hopes are ripe) Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn, Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.
- 8 Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng, On the white emblossomed spray ! Nature's universal song Echoes to the rising day.

CUNNINGHAM.

MORNING.

- 1 See the star that leads the day, Rising, shoots a golden ray, To make the shades of darkness go From heaven above and earth below; And warn us early with the sight, To leave the beds of silent night.
- 2 From a heart sincere and sound, From its very deepest ground, Send devotion up on high, Winged with heat, to reach the sky. See the time for sleep has run! Rise before or with the sun:
- 3 Lift thy hands, and humbly pray
 The Fountain of eternal day,—
 That, as the light, serenely fair,
 Hustrales all the tracts of air,
 The sacred Spirit so may rest,
 With quickening beams upon thy breast;
 And kindly clear it all within
 From darker blemishes of sin;
 And shine with grace, until we view
 The realm it gilds with glory too.
- 4 See the day that dawns in air, Brings along its toil and care: From the lap of Night it springs, With heaps of business on its wings.

Prepare to meet them in a mind That bows submissively resigned; That would to works appointed fall, That knows that God has ordered all.

- 5 And whether with a small repast
 We break the sober morning fast;
 Or in our thoughts and houses lay
 The future methods of the day;
 Or early walk, abroad to meet
 Our business with industrious feet;
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
 His glory still be kept in view.
- 6 O, Giver of eternal bliss, Grant, heavenly Father! grant me this! Grant it to all, as well as me, All those whose hearts are fixed on thee,— Who revere thy Son above, Who thy sacred Spirit love.

PARNELL.

104

MORNING.

 When day-light breaks, and sheds his rays abroad,

Turn from the splendour of his sunny glow;
Let thy soul leave the earth, and soar to God,
As the sweet flower turns to the sun below,
And drinks the blessed rays which from his brightness flow.

2 Oh! let not nature's praises soar on high, Ere thy lips open with its morning prayer; Let not the lark's shrill music fill the sky, Ere thy heart lifts its aspirations there; But let the dawn of morn thy orisons declare.

3 Morn is the time, to see thy prayers begun; For morning hymned the young Creation's birth;

And the grave opened with the morning sun,
When man's redemption was complete on
earth:

And morn shall see our God in judgment coming forth.

4 Serve God at morn, that solemn hallowed hour, When nature wakes, as from the sleep of death,

When the glad song from mountain, grove, and bower,

Is heard through heaven, and on the earth beneath,

Serve God, let him receive thy morning's early breath.

WEIR.

105

MORNING.

THERE is a parting in night's murky veil, A soft pale light is in the eastern sky; It steals along the ocean tremblingly, Like distant music wafted on the gale. Stars, one by one, grow faint, and disappear, Like waning tapers, when the feast is o'er; While, girt with rolling mists, the mountains hoar.

High o'er the darkling glens their tops uprear. There is a gentle rustling in the grove, Though winds be hushed: it is the stir of wings, And now the sky-lark from the nest up springs, Trilling, in accents clear, her song of love; And now heaven's gate in golden splendour burns-

Joy to the earth, the glorious sun returns.

ANON.

106

MORNING.

Twas Summer, and the Sun had mounted high: Southward, the landscape indistinctly glared Through a pale steam; but all the northern downs.

In clearest air ascending, showed far off A surface dappled o'er with shadows, flung From many a brooding cloud; far as the sight Could reach, those many shadows lay in spots Determined and unmoved, with steady beams Of bright and pleasant sunshine interposed. Pleasant to him who on the soft cool moss Extends his careless limbs along the front Of some huge cave, whose rocky ceiling casts A twilight of its own, an ample shade, Where the wren warbles; while the dream

Half conscious of the soothing melody,
With side-long eye looks out upon the scene,
By that impending covert made more soft,
More low and distant! Other lot was mine;
Yet with good hope that soon I should obtain
As grateful resting-place, and livelier joy,
Across a bare wide common I was toiling
With languid feet, which by the slippery groun
Were baffled; nor could my weak arm disperse
The host of insects gathering round my face,
And ever with me as I paced along.

WORDSWORTH.

107

MORNING.

Night wanes—the vapours round the mountain

Melt into morn, and Light awakes the world.

Man has another day to swell the past,
And lead him near to little, but his last;
But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,
The Sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream
Immortal man! behold her glories shine,
And cry, exulting inly, 'They are thine!'

Gaze on, while yet thy gladdened eye may see;
A morrow comes when they are not for thee:

And grieve what may above thy senseless bier, Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear; Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall, Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all; But creeping things shall revel in their spoil, And fit thy clay to fertilize the soil.

BYRON.

108

MORNING.

1 It was a lovely Morning;—all was calm,
As if Creation, thankful for repose,
In renovated beauty, breathing balm,
And blessedness around, from slumber rose;
Joyful once more to see the East unclose
Its gates of glory:—yet subdued and mild,
Like the soft smile of Patience, amid woes
By Hope and Resignation reconciled,
That Morning's beauty shone, that landscape's

That Morning's beauty shone, that landscape's charm beguiled.

2 The heavens were marked by many a filmy streak,

Even in the orient; and the Sun shone through Those lines, as Hope upon a mourner's cheek Sheds, meekly chastened, her delightful hue. From groves and meadows, all empearled with dew, Rose silvery mists,—no eddying wind swept

The cottage chimneys, half concealed from view By their embowering foliage, sent on high Their pallid wreaths of smoke, unruffled to the sky.

3 And every gentle sound which broke the hush Of Morning's still serenity, was sweet; The sky-lark overhead; the speckled thrush, Who now had taken with delight his seat Upon the slender larch, the day to greet; The starling, chattering to her callow young; And that monotonous lay, which seems to fleet Like echo through the air, the cuckoo's song, Was heard at times far off the leafy woods among.

BARTON.

109

MORNING.

HARK! the martlet twittering by
The crevice, where her twittering brood
Beneath some shadowy wall-flower lie,
In the high air of solitude!
She alone, sky-loving bird,
In that lofty clime is heard;
But loftier far from cliff remote
Up springs the eagle, like a thought,
And poised in heaven's resplendent zone,
Gazes a thousand fathoms down,

While his wild and fitful cry Blends together sea and sky; And a thousand songs, I trow, From the wakened world below, Are ringing through the Morning glow. Music is there on the shore, Softening sweet the billowy roar; For, bold and fair in every weather, The sea-mews shrill now flock together, Or, wheeling off in lonely play, Carry their pastimes far away, To little isles and rocks of rest, Scattered o'er the ocean's breast, Where these glad creatures build their nest. Now hymns are heard at every fountain, Where the land birds trim their wings, And boldly booming up the mountain, Where the dewy heath-flower springs, Upon the freshening gales of Morn Showers of headlong bees are borne, Till far and wide with harp and horn The balmy desert rings!

WILSON.

110

MELODIES OF MORNING.

1 Bur who the melodies of Morn can tell ?

The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;

The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell; The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

2 The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark; Crowned with her pail the tripping milk-maid sings;

The whistling plowman stalks afield; and, hark!

Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon
rings:

Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;

Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

BEATTIE

111

MORNING.

- 1 Hugs of the rich unfolding morn, That, ere the glorious sun be born, By some soft touch invisible Around his path are taught to swell;
- 2 Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay, That dancest forth at opening day, And brushing by with joyous wing, Waken'st each little leaf to sing.

- 3 Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam, By which deep grove and tangled stream Pay, for soft rains in season given, Their tribute to the genial heaven—
- 4 Why waste your treasures of delight Upon our thankless, joyless sight; Who day by day to sin awake, Seldom of heaven and you partake!
- 5 O! timely happy, timely wise,
 Hearts that with rising morn arise!
 Eyes that the beam celestial view,
 Which evermore makes all things new!
- 6 New every morning is the love
 Our wakening and uprising prove;
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 7 New mercies, each returning day, Hover around us while we pray; New perils past, new sins forgiven, New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 8 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be, As more of heaven in each we see: Some softening gleam of love and prayer Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 9 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love Fit us for perfect rest above; And keep us this, and every day, To live more nearly as we pray.

KEBLE

112 MORNING DISCIPLINE.

l When first thine eyes unveil, give thy soul leave

To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and
heave

Unto their God as flowers do to the sun; Give him thy first thought then, so shalt thou keep

Him company all day, and in him sleep.

2 Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should Dawn with the day: there are set awful hours 'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good

After sun rising; far day sullies flowers: Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut, And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

- 3 Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the hush And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring Or leaf but hath his morning hymn; each bush And oak doth know I AM.—Canst thou not sing?
 - O leave thy cares and follies! go this way, And thou art sure to prosper all the day.
- 4 Serve God before the world; let him not go,
 Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
 The whole unto him, and remember who
 Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine:
 Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
 Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

5 Mornings are mysteries: the first, world's youth,

Man's resurrection, and the future's bud, Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light, truth.

Is styled their star; the stone and hidden food: Three blessings wait upon them, one of which Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich.

6 When the world's up, and every swarm abroad, Keep well thy temper, mix not with each day: Dispatch necessities, life hath a load Which must be carried on, and safely may; Yet keep those cares without thee; let the heart

Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

VAUGHAN.

EVENING.

113

EVENING.

- 1 'Tis gone! that bright and orbed blaze,
 Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
 You mantling cloud has hid from sight
 The last faint pulse of quivering light.
- 2 Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near: O may no earth-born cloud arise, To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes.

- 3 When with dear friends sweet talk I hold, And all the flowers of life unfold; Let not my heart within me burn, Except in all I Thee discern.
- 4 When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eyelids gently steep, Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ever on my Saviour's breast!
- 5 Abide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I cannot live; Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
- 6 Thou Framer of the light and dark, Steer through the tempest thine own ark: Amid the howling wintry sea, We are in port if we have Thee.
- 7 If some poor wandering child of thine Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine, Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 8 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
 With blessings from thy boundless store;
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 9 Come near and bless us when we wake, brough the world our way we take; the ocean of thy love, sourselves in heaven above.

KEBLE.

A CALM SABBATH EVE.

- Peace shines and smiles on all below:
 The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
 All fair with evening's setting glow!
- 2 Season of rest! the tranquil soul Feels thy sweet calm, and melts in love; And, while these sacred moments roll, Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

EDMESTON.

115

EVENING.

- 1 The beam-repelling mists arise, And Evening spreads obscurer skies. The twilight will the night forerun, And night itself be soon begun.
- 2 Upon thy knees devoutly bow,
 And pray the God of Glory now
 To fill thy breast; or deadly sin
 May cause a blinder night within.
 And, whether pleasing vapours rise,
 Which gently dim the closing eyes;
 Which make the weary members blest,
 With sweet refreshment in their rest;

- 3 Or whether spirits, in the brain,
 Dispel their soft embrace again;
 And on my watchful bed I stay,
 Forsook by sleep, and waiting day;
 Be God for ever in my view,
 And never he forsake me too!
- 4 But still, as day concludes in night,
 To break again the new-born light,
 His wond'rous bounty let me find,
 With still a more enlightened mind;
 When grace and love in one agree,
 Grace from God, and love from me;
 Grace that will from Heaven inspire,
 Love that steals it in desire;
 Grace and love that mingle beams,
 And fill me with increasing flames.
- 5 Thou that hast thy palace far Above the moon and every star; Thou, that sittest on a throne To which the night was never known; Regard my voice and make me blest, By kindly granting its request!
- 6 If thoughts on thee my soul employ, My darkness will afford me joy, Till thou shalt call, and I shall soar, And part with darkness evermore.

PARNELL.

EVENING.

COME, Evening, once again, season of peace; Return, sweet Evening, and continue long! Methinks I see thee in the streaky west, With matron step slow-moving, while the Night Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed

In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:
Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
Like homely-featured Night, of clustering gems;
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee; save that the Moon is thine,
No less than hers, not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.

COWPER.

117

TO EVENING.

When eve is purpling cliff and cave,
 Thoughts of the heart, how soft ye flow!
 Not softer on the western wave
 The golden lines of sunset glow.

- 2 Then all, by chance or fate removed, Like spirits crowd upon the eye, The few we liked—the one we loved— And the whole heart is memory.
- 3 And life is like this fading hour,
 Its beauty dying as we gaze;
 Yet as the shadows round us lower,
 Heaven pours above the brighter blaze.
- 4 When morning sheds its gorgeous dye, Our hope, our heart, to earth is given; But dark and lonely is the eye That turns not, at its eve, to heaven.

BOWRING.

118

SONNET TO EVENING.

Behold the moon !—whose heavenly alchymy
Turns waves and clouds to silver. And behold.—

It is the glorious firmament, which of old Shook with its empyrean harmony,— When, from his Maker's hands, man first walked free

> id the sinless universe. The gold, ine gold now is dim! Yet he were cold len though he is, could joyless see

Such scene as this; or stand as I do now

'Mid proofs of love which evermore endures,— Nor tell this false frail world, he ne'er shall bow To its vain threats, or court its vainer lures:

Alas ! too seldom, even the purest soul

Hath power to scorn, and spring from its control.

PARK.

119

A SPRING EVENING.

- 1 The glorious Heaven its golden tinting throws On young flowers filled with dew; The vernal landscape's trembling image glows Through waves of clearest blue.
- 2 The mountain streamlet,—the bright-blossomed hedge,— Woods bathed in sunlight streams,—

The evening star, that on the purple edge Of yonder soft cloud beams;—

- 3 The meadow green,—the shrubby valley cool,—
 The hill with verdure clad,—
 The alder-shadowed brook,—the lilied pool,—
 All, all are fair and glad.
- 4 Oh! how encircleth everlasting Love Creation with its band The glowworm's light,—you fiery orbs above,— Are kindled by one hand.

5 At thy command, Almighty! from its place
Drops the frail leaflet here:
At thy command, through realms of boundless
space,
Is hurled the falling sphere.

ANON.

120

EVENING.

O, WELCOME, bat and owlet grey, Thus winging low your airy way : And welcome moth and drowsy fly, That to mine ear come humming by; And welcome, shadows long and deep, And stars that from the blue sky peep; O welcome all ! to me ye say, My woodland love is on her way ; Upon the swift wind floats her hair, Her breath is in the dewy air, Her steps are in the whispered sound That steals along the stilly ground. O, dawn of day, in rosy bower, What art thou to this witching hour ! O, noon of day, in sunshine bright, What art thou to this fall of night !

MISS BAILLIE.

EVENING PRAYER.

- 1 Should some seraph wing his flight, From the realms of cloudless light, Earth and ocean soaring over, Where would he delight to hover?
- 2 Not o'er halls of regal pride; Not o'er fields with carnage dyed, Where, 'mid shouts of triumph breathing, Fame the hero's brow is wreathing;
- 3 Not o'er cells of lettered age; Not o'er haunts of hoary sage; Not where youthful poet stealing, Woos the muse's warm revealing;
- 4 Not o'er wood and shadowy vale
 Where the lover tells his tale,
 And the blush—love's fondest token—
 Speaks what words had never spoken;
- 5 Not where music's silver sound Wakes the dormant cchoes round, And with charms as pure as tender, Holds the heart in pleased surrender.
- 6 O'er the calm sequestered spot,
 O'er the lone and lowly cot,
 Where its little hands unwreathing,
 Childhood's guileless prayer is breathing:

- 7 While the gentle mother nigh,
 Points her daughter's prayer on high,
 To the God whose goodness gave her,
 To the God whose love shall save her;—
- 8 There, awhile, the Son of light
 Would arrest his rapid flight;
 Thence would bear, to heaven ascending,
 Prayers with heartfelt praises blending.
- 9 Gladly would he soar above,
 With the sacrifice of love;
 And through Heaven's expanded portal,
 Bear it to the throne immortal!

T. DALE

122

AUTUMN EVENING.

- 1 Behold the western evening light!
 It melts in deepening gloom:
 So calmly Christians sink away,
 Descending to the tomb.
- 2 The winds breathe low, the withering leaf Scarce whispers from the tree; So gently flows the parting breath, When good men cease to be.
- 3 How beautiful on all the hills
 The crimson light is shed!
 Tis like the peace the Christain gives
 To mourners round his bed.

- 4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
 The sunset beam is cast!
 'Tis like the memory left behind,
 When loved ones breathe their last.
- 5 And now above the dews of night
 The yellow star appears:
 So faith springs in the hearts of those
 Whose eves are bathed in tears.
- 6 But soon the morning's happier light Its glories shall restore; And eyelids that are sealed in death Shall ope, to close no more.

ANON.

123

WINTER'S EVENING.

1 The sun is sinking in the crimson west;
The clouds are rushing on their wild, wet wings;

The lightning, like an eagle from its nest,
In dazzling circles round the mountain
springs;

The greaning forest in the whirlwind swings,
Strewing the marble cliffs with branches hoar;
With cries of startled wolves the valley rings:
And when the sullen sounds of earth are o'er,
Ocean lifts up his voice, and thunders on the
shore.

2 Now close the portal !—'Tis the hour of hours! Though ancient Winter lords it o'er the sky, And the snow thickens on our leafless bowers, For now the few we love on earth are nigh. Ianthe! shall the livelong eve pass by

Without one song from that red lip of thine?

Come, fill the bowls, and heap the faggots
high!

To birds and flowers let Summer's morning shine,

To nobler man alone the Winter eve's divine.

CROLY.

124

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 Sweet is the last, the parting ray,
 That ushers placid evening in;
 When, with the still, expiring day,
 The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin:
 How grateful to the auxious breast
 The sacred hours of holy rest!
- 2 Hushed is the tumult of the day,
 And worldly cares and business cease,
 While soft the vesper breezes play,
 To hymn the glad return of peace:
 Delightful season! kindly given
 To turn the wandering thoughts to heaven.

3 Oft as this peaceful hour shall come, Lord, raise my thoughts from earthly things, And bear them to my heavenly home, On faith and hope's celestial wings,— Till the last gleam of life decay In one eternal Sabbath-day!

ANON. (American.)

125

EVENING HYMN.

- 1 SLEEP, downy sleep, come close my eyes, Tired with beholding vanities: Welcome, sweet sleep, that drives away The toils and follies of the day.
- 2 On thy soft bosom will I lie, Forget the world, and learn to die: O Israel's watchful Shepherd, spread Thine angel-tents around my bed.
- 3 Clouds and thick darkness veil thy throne, Its awful glories all unknown: Oh! dart from thence one cheering ray, And turn my midnight into day.
- 4 Thus, when the morn, in crimson drest, Breaks from the chambers of the east, My grateful songs of praise shall rise Like fragrant incense to the skies.

FLAXMAN.

EVENING.

- 1 O'en the heath the heifer strays
 Free;—(the furrowed task is done)—
 Now the village windows blaze,
 Burnished by the setting sun.
- 2 Now he sets behind the hill, Sinking from a golden sky; Can the pencil's mimic skill Copy the refulgent die?
- 3 Trudging as the ploughmen go
 (To the smoking hamlet bound),
 Giant-like their shadows grow,
 Lengthening o'er the level ground.
- 4 Where the rising forest spreads
 Shelter for the lordly dome,
 To their high-built airy beds
 See the rooks returning home.
- 5 As the lark with varied tune Carols to the evening loud, Mark the mild resplendent moon Breaking through a parted cloud!
- 6 Now the hermit owlet peeps
 From the barn or twisted brake;
 And the blue mist slowly creeps,
 Curling on the silver lake.

- 7 As the trout, in speckled pride, Playful from its bosom springs; To the banks a ruffled tide Verges in successive rings.
- 8 Tripping through the silken grass,
 O'er the path-divided dale,
 Mark the rose-complexioned lass
 With her well-poised milking pail.
- 9 Linnets with unnumbered notes, And the cuckoo bird with two, Tuning sweet their mellow throats Bid the setting sun adieu.

CUNNINGHAM.

127

TO TWILIGHT.

- 1 Come, gentle Twilight, come!
 And spread thy purple wings
 Along the shore, with fairy hum
 And mystic murmurings;
 Come while the lake is still,
 And mute the breezes play—
 And birds with many an artless thrill
 Shall sing thy roundelay.
- 2 You little golden star Hath filled his urn anew, To aid thy stealthy flight from far Amid the depths of blue;

Abroad the glow-worm hies, With living lamp to greet Thy light fall from the balmy skies, And hither guide thy feet.

- 3 The lily's ivory bowers
 Have lost their elfin-Queen,
 The fays have left their dear-loved flowers
 To trip it on the green;
 And now the merry crew,
 In quaintest revelry,
 Are scattering odours o'er the dew,
 And welcome dance to thee.
- 4 A little longer, then,
 Sweet Twilight, linger here,
 Till one sole songster 'mid the glen
 Enthrals the raptured ear;
 Then in its tangled grove,
 Beneath the green-wood tree,
 O! I will think of my lady love,
 And she will think of me!

ANON.

128

TWILIGHT.

MEEK Twilight! haste to shroud the solar ray And bring the hour my pensive spirit loves; When o'er the hill is shed a paler day, That gives to stillness and to night the groves Ah! let the gay, the roseate morning hail,
When, in the various blooms of light arrayed,
She bids fresh beauty live along the vale,
And rapture tremble in the vocal shade:
Sweet is the lucid morning's opening flower,
Her choral melodies benignly rise;
Yet dearer to my soul the shadowy hour,
At which her blossoms close, her music dies:
For then mild Nature, while she droops her head,
Wakes the soft tear 'tis luxury to shed.

MISS WILLIAMS.

129

TWILIGHT.

It is the hour when from the boughs,
The nightingale's high note is heard:
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As Twilight melts beneath the moon away.

BYRON.

TWILIGHT.

I LOVE thee, Twilight! as thy shadows roll,
The calm of evening steals upon my soul,
Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.
I love thee, Twilight! for thy gleams impart
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
When o'er the harp of thought, thy passing wind
Awakens all the music of the mind,
And Joy and Sorrow, as the spirit burns,
And Hope and Memory sweep the chords by
turns.

Twilight! I love thee; let thy glooms increase, Till every feeling, every pulse is peace; Slow from the sky the light of day declines, Clearer within the dawn of glory shines, Revealing, in the hour of Nature's rest, A world of wonders in the poet's breast: Deeper, O Twilight! then thy shadows roll: An awful vision opens on my soul.

MONTGOMERY.

131

A TWILIGHT SCENE IN ITALY.

1 The Moon is up, and yet it is not night— Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea Of glory streams along the Alpine height Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free From clouds, but of all colours seem to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the

- 2 A single star is at her side, and reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly and remains
 Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
 As Day and Night contending were, until
 Nature proclaimed her order;—gently flows
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
 Which streams upon her stream, and glassed
 within it glows,
- 3 Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar, Comes down upon the waters; all its hues, From the rich sunset to the rising star, Their magical variety diffuse:

 And now they change; a paler shadow strews Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues With a new colour, as it gasps away,

 The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is

grey.

BYRON.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

- Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud; and He shall hear my voice.— Ps. 1v. 17.
- I Go! 'tis the Hour of Prayer;
 Night bindeth up her raven hair,
 The diadem from her dark brow,
 With gems begirt, she lifteth now;
 One star she leaves to herald in the sun,
 Then in the shadowy twilight dun,
 She flies his beams before:
 Go! 'tis the Hour of Prayer.
- 2 Lose not the Hour of Prayer; Through all the heated, quivering air, The sun pours living light, And noontide blazeth bright; Shake off the chains that indolence would wreathe, Thy fervent, heartfelt, aspirations breathe; Pour forth thy soul to God: Now 'tis the Hour of Prayer.
- 3 The Hour of Prayer is come,
 The sun hath journeyed home;
 Labour is o'er—and sweet repose,
 Soon will thy wearied eyelids close;
 Hold off its soft oblivion for a while,
 Till thou hast sought thy Heavenly Father's
 smile;
 Thy Saviour's peace received:
 Haste; 'tis the Hour of Prayer.

PART II.

- At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto Thee because of Thy righteous judgments. Ps. cxix. 62.
- 4 Another golden Hour of Prayer;
 Thy couch hath found thee wakeful there;
 Around, dark midnight reigns o'er all,
 And slumber weaves her wondrous thrall;
 Silence herself seems stilled to deeper rest,—
 Thou hear'st thy swelling bosom's throbbing
 guest

In the dread hush around; An hour for deepest prayer,

5 No eye, but His, to mark the strife,
The wrestling agony for life;
The Spirit! stirring mouldering bones!
With tears and agonizing groans,
In intercession strong for thee;
Urging each promise, and Almighty plea;
Christ's poured out soul and blood;
Till God shall grant thy prayer.

MONTAGUE STANLEY.

THE SABBATH.

133

THE FIRST SABBATH.

And now on earth the seventh Evening arose in Eden, for the sun Was set, and twilight from the east came on, Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of heaven's high-seated top, the imperial throne
Of Godhead, fixed for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Power arrived, and sat him down
With his great Father; for he also went
Invisible, yet staid (such privilege
Hath Omnipresence), and the work ordained,
Author and End of all things; and, from work
Now resting, blessed and hallowed the seventh
day,

As resting on that day from all his work,
But not in silence holy kept; the harp
Had work and rested not; the solemn pipe
And duleimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,
Tempered soft tunings, intermixed with voice
Choral or unison: of incense clouds,
Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.
Creation and the six-days' act they sing:
'Great are thy works, Jehovah! infinite
Thy power! What thought can measure thee, or
tongue

Relate thee! Greater now in thy return Than from the giant angels: thee that day Thy thunders magnified; but to create Is greater, than created to destroy.'

So sung they, and the empyrean rung With hallelujahs: thus was Sabbath kept.

MILTON.

THE SABBATH.

1 Welcome thou peaceful dawn!
O'er field and wooded lawn
The wonted sound of busy toil is laid.
And hark! the village bell!
Whose simple tinklings swell,
Sweet as soft music, on the straw-roofed shed,
And bid the pious cottager prepare
To keep the appointed rest, and seek the house of prayer.

2 How goodly 'tis to see
The rustic family
Duly along the church-way path repair:
The mother trim and plain
Leading her ruddy train,
The father pacing slow with modest air.
With honest heart and humble guise they come,
To serve Almighty God, and bear his blessing home.

3 At home they gaily share
Their sweet and simple fare,
And thank the Giver of the festal board;
Around the blazing hearth
They sit in harmless mirth,
Or turn with awe the volume of the Lord:
Then full of heavenly joy retiring pay
Their sacrifice of prayer to HIM who blessed the
day.

MANT.

SABBATH MORNING.

How still the Morning of the hallowed Day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The plough-boy's whistle, and the milk-maid's

The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
The faintest sounds attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
Calmness seems throned on you unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the
dale:

And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook

Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen; While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals, The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

GRAHAME.

136

THE SABBATH BELL.

The cheerful Sabbath Bells, wherever heard, Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims Tidings of good to Zion: chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall sudden on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,
Whom thoughts abstruse on high have chanced to
lure

Forth from the walks of men; revolving oft,
And oft again, hard matter, which eludes
And baffles his pursuit, thought-sick and tired
Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely man
Half wishes for society again:
Him, thus engaged, the Sabbath Bells salute
Sudden! his heart awakes; his ears drink in
The cheering music: his relenting soul
Yearns after all the joys of social life;
And softens with the love of human kind.

LAMB.

137

THE SABBATH.

- 1 Dear is the hallowed morn to me, When village bells awake the day! And by their sacred minstrelsy, Call me from earthly cares away.
- 2 And dear to me, the winged hour, Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord,— To feel devotion's soothing power, And eatch the manna of thy word.

- 3 And dear to me the loud Amen Which echoes through the blest abode, Which swells, and sinks, and swells again, Dies on the walls, but lives to God.
- 4 And dear the simple melody, Sung with the pomp of rustic art; That holy, heavenly harmony, The music of a thankful heart.
- 5 In secret I have often prayed, And still the anxious tear would fall; But, on the sacred altar laid, The fire descends and dries them all.
- 6 Oft when the world, with iron hands Has bound me in its six days' chain, This bursts them, like the strong man's bands, And lets my spirit loose again.
- 7 Then, dear to me, the Sabbath morn, The village bells, the shepherd's voice, These oft have found my heart forlorn, And always bid that heart rejoice.
- 3 Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre, Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms; Ours are the prophet's car of fire, Which bears us to a Father's arms.

CUNNINGHAM.

THE SABBATH.

1 What spell has o'er the populous city past?

The wonted current of its life is staid;

Its sports, its gainful schemes are carthward cast,

As though their vileness were at once displayed;

The roar of trade has ceased, and on the air Come holy songs and solemn sounds of prayer.

2 Far spreads the charm; from every hamlet spire

A note of rest, and heavenward thought is pealed!

By his calm hearth reclines the peasant sire;
The toil-worn steed basks in the breezy field.
Within, without, through farm and cottage

blest,
'Tis one bright day of gladness and of rest.

3 Down from the mountain dwellings, whilst the

Shines on the heath-bells, and the fern is bending

In the fresh breeze, in festive garbs I view Childhood, and age, and buoyant youth descending.

God !-who hast piled thy wonders round their home,

'Tis in their love they to thy temple come.

4 A stately ship speeds o'er the mighty main— Oh! many a league from our own happy land: Yet from its heart ascends the choral strain;

For there its little isolated band,

Amid the ocean desert's awful roar
Praise Him whose love links shore to distant
shore.

5 O'er palmy woods where summer radiance falls, In the glad islands of the Indian main.

What thronging crowds the Missionary calls
To raise to heaven the Christian's glorious
strain!

Lo! where, engirt by children of the sun, Stands the white man, and counts his victories won.

6 In the fierce deserts of a distant zone, 'Mid savage nations, terrible and stern,

A lonely atom, severed from his own,

The traveller wends, death or renown to
earn,

Parched, fasting, wearied, verging to despair, He kneels, he prays—hope kindles in his prayer.

7 O'er the wide world, blest day, thine influence flies;

Rest o'er the sufferer spreads her balmy wings;

Love wakes, joy dawns, praise fills the listening skies;

The expanding heart from earth's enchantment springs: Heaven, for one day, withdraws its ancient ban, Unbars its gates, and dwells once more with man.

W. HOWITT.

139

THE SABBATH.

- 1 Hall, happy day! the day of holy rest, When saints assemble, and on dainties feast; When all in smiles the God of grace descends, Opens his stores, and entertains his friends.
- 2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone, Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone; Its flattering, fading glories I despise, And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.
- 3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies, And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes: Oh! meet my rising soul, thou God of love, And waft it to the blissful realms above!
- 4 Or, if I may not climb the starry height, And see thee blazing on a throne of light; If still the veil betwixt us must divide, And still my Saviour's matchless glories hide;—
- 5 Yet here display the wonders of thy grace; Look through the skies, and show thy smiling face;

Stoop down, blest King of glory, from above, And earth shall kindle with scraphic love.

BROWNE.

140

SABBATH MORNING.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
And echo answers softer from the hill,
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
The sky-lark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The rooks float silently, in airy drove;
The sun a placid yellow lustre throws;
The gales, that lately sighed along the grove,
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move;

PRODEN

141

THE SABBATH.

So smiled the day when the first morn arose!

O DAY most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay!
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy torch doth show the way.

- 2 This day my Saviour rose,
 And did enclose this light for his,
 That, as each beast his manger knows,
 Man might not of his fodder miss.
 Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
 And made a garden there for those
 Who want herbs for their wound.
- 3 The rest of our creation
 Our great Redeemer did remove,
 With the same shake which, at his passion,
 Did the earth and all things with it move.
 As Sampson bore the doors away,
 Christ's hands, though nailed, wrought our salvation,
 And did unhinge that day.
- The brightness of that day
 We sullied by our foul offence;
 Wherefore that robe we cast away,
 Having a new at his expense,
 Whose drops of blood paid the full price
 That was required to make us gay,
 And fit for Paradise.
- Thou art a day of mirth:
 And where the week days trail on ground,
 Thy flight is higher, as thy birth;
 O let me take thee at the bound,
 Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
 Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
 Fly hand in hand to heaven!

HERBERT.

142 THE MILLENNIAL SABBATH.

FATHER of Mercies! speed the promised hour; Thy kingdom come with all-restoring power; Peace, virtue, knowledge, spread from pole to pole.

As round the world the ocean-waters roll! Hope waits the morning of celestial light; Time plumes his wings for everlasting flight; Unchanging seasons have their march begun: Millennial years are hastening to the Sun; Seen through thick clouds, by Faith's trans-

piercing eyes.

The new Creation shines in purer skies. All hail!—the age of crime and suffering ends. The reign of righteousness from heaven descends: Vengeance for ever sheaths the afflicting sword; Death is destroyed, and Paradise restored: Man, rising from the ruins of his fall, Is one with God, and God is All in All.

MONTGOMERY.

LAND.

MOUNTAINS, VALLIES, RIVERS, WATERFALLS, CATARACTS.

MOUNTAINS.

143

THE ALPS BY NIGHT.

- 1 Come, golden Evening, in the west Enthrone the storm-dispelling sun, And let the triple rainbow rest O'er all the mountain-tops;—'tis done; The deluge ceases; bold and bright, The rainbow shoots from hill to hill; Down sinks the sun; on presses night; —Mont Blanc is lovely still.
- There take thy stand, my spirit;—spread
 The world of shadows at thy feet;
 And mark how calmly, over-head,
 The stars like saints in glory meet;
 While hid in solitude sublime,
 Methinks I muse on Nature's tomb,
 And hear the passing foot of Time
 Step through the gloom.

- 3 All in a moment, crash on crash,
 From precipice to precipice,
 An avalanche's ruins dash
 Down to the nethermost abyss;
 Invisible, the ear alone
 Follows the uproar till it dies;
 Echo on echo, groan for groan,
 From deep to deep replies.
- 4 Silence again the darkness seals,—
 Darkness that may be felt;—but soon
 The silver-clouded east reveals
 The midnight spectre of the moon;
 In half-eclipse she lifts her horn,
 Yet, o'er the host of heaven supreme,
 Brings the faint semblance of a morn
 With her awakening beam.

MONTGOMERY.

144

MOUNTAINS.

What lonely magnificence stretches around!
Each sight how sublime! and how awful each
sound!

All hushed and serene, as a region of dreams, The Mountains repose 'mid the roar of the streams;

Their glens of black umbrage by cataracts riven, But calm their blue tops in the beauty of heaven, Here the glory of Nature hath nothing to fear— Aye! Time the destroyer in power hath been here; And the forest that hung on you Mountain so high,

Like a black thunder cloud on the arch of the sky,

Hath gone, like a cloud, when the tempest came by.

Deep sunk in the black moor, all worn and decayed,

Where the floods have been raging, the limbs are displayed,

Of the pine tree and oak, sleeping vast in the

The kings of the forest disturbed in their tomb. E'en now, in the pomp of their prime, I behold, O'erhanging the desert, the forests of old!

So gorgeous their verdure, so solemn their shade, Like the heavens above them, they never may fade:

The sun-light is on them, in silence they sleep— A glimmering glow, like the breast of the deep, When the billows scarce heave in the calmness of

Down the pass of Glen-Etive the tempest is

And the hill-side is swinging, and roars with a sound

In the heart of the forest embosomed profound, Till all in a moment the tumult is o'er, And the Mountain of thunder is still as the shore, When the sea is at ebb; not a leaf nor a breath, To disturb the wild solitude, stedfast as death.

WILSON.

145

PARNASSUS.

- 1 OH, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey
 Not in the phrenzy of a dreamer's eye,
 Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
 But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
 In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!
 What marvel if I thus essay to sing?
 The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by,
 Would gladly woo thine echoes with his string,
 Though from thy heights no more one Muse will
 wave her wing.
- 2 Oft have I dreamed of thee, whose glorious name
 Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore:
 And now I view thee, 'tis, alas, with shame
 That I in feeblest accents must adore.
 When I recount thy worshippers of yore
 I tremble, and can only bend the knee;
 Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
 But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy,
 In silent joy, to think at last I look on thee!
- 3 Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,
 Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,
 Shall I unmoved behold the hallowed scene
 Which others rave of, though they know it
 not?
 Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,

And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave, Some gentle Spirit now pervades the spot, Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the grave, And glides with glassy foot o'er you melodious wave.

BYRON

146

THE ALPS AT DAY-BREAK.

- 1 The sun-beams streak the azure skies,
 And line with light the mountain's brow;
 With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
 And chase the roebuck through the snow.
- 2 From rock to rock, with giant-bound, High on their iron poles they pass; Mute, lest the air, convulsed by sound, Rend from above a frozen mass.
- 3 The goats wind slow their wonted way, Up craggy steeps and ridges rude; Marked by the wild wolf for his prey, From desert cave or hanging wood.
- 4 And while the torrent thunders loud, And as the echoing cliffs reply, The huts peep o'er the morning cloud, Perched like an eagle's nest on high.

ROGERS.

147

THE ALPS.

— Above me are the Alps,

The palaces of nature, whose vast walls

Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,

And throned eternity, in icy halls

Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls

The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!

All that expands the spirit, yet appals,

Gather around these summits, as to show

How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain

man below.

BYRON.

148

MONT BLANC.

AWARE, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstacy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.—
Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the Morning-Star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's Rosy-Star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth!

Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ? Who made thee parent of perpetual streams !-And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely clad! Who called ye forth from night and utter death, From dark and icy caverns called you forth, Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks, For ever shattered, and the same for ever ? Who gave you your invulnerable life, Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your

Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam ! And who commanded (and the silence came). Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest !-Ye ice-falls! ve that from the mountain's brow Adown enormous ravines slope amain-Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice, And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge! Motionless torrents! silent cataracts! Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven Beneath the keen full moon ! Who bade the Sun Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers

Of loveliest hue, spread garlands at your feet? God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations, Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!-God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!

And they too have a voice, you piles of snow, And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!-Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost! Ye wild-goats sporting round the eagle's nest!

Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!—
Once more, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing
peaks,

Oft from whose feet, the Avalanche, unheard, Shoots downward, glittering through the pure

serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast.—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow-travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me.—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising Sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

COLERIDGE

149 THE THREE MOUNTAINS.

I WHEN ON Sinai's top I see God descend in majesty, To proclaim his holy law, All my spirit sinks with awe.

- When in ecstacy sublime, Tabor's glorious steep I climb, At the too transporting light, Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest, God, in flesh made manifest, Shines in my Redeemer's face Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 4 Here I would for ever stay,
 Weep, and gaze my soul away;
 Thou art heaven and earth to me,
 Lovely, mournful Calvary!

MONTGOMERY.

VALLIES.

150 A VALE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

WE scaled, without a track to ease our steps, A steep ascent; and reached a dreary plain, With a tumultuous waste of huge hill tops Before us; savage region! which I paced Dispirited: when, all at once, behold! Beneath our feet, a little lowly Vale, A lowly Vale, and yet uplifted high Among the mountains; even as if the spot Had been, from eldest time by wish of theirs, So placed, to be shut out from all the world!

Urn-like it was in shape, deep as an Urn ; With rocks encompassed, save that to the South Was one small opening, where a heath-clad ridge Supplied a boundary less abrupt and close: A quiet treeless nook, with two green fields, A liquid pool that glittered in the sun, And one bare Dwelling; one Abode, no more! It seemed the home of poverty and toil, Though not of want: the little fields made green By husbandry of many thrifty years, Paid cheerful tribute to the moorland House. -There crows the Cock, single in his domain: The small birds find in spring no thicket there To shroud them: only from the neighbouring Vales

The Cuckoo, straggling up to the hill tops, Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place. WORDSWORTH.

151

A MOUNTAIN RECESS.

Upon a semicirque of turf-clad ground, The hidden nook discovered to our view A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay Right at the foot of that moist precipice. A stranded Ship, with keel upturned, -that rests Fearless of winds and waves. Three several

Stood near, of smaller size, and not unlike To monumental pillars: and from these Some little space disjoined, a pair were seen, That with united shoulders bore aloft
A Fragment, like an Altar, flat and smooth:
Barren the tablet, yet thereon appeared
A tall and shining Holly, that had found
A hospitable chink, and stood upright,
As if inserted by some human hand
In mockery, to wither in the sun,
Or lay its beauty flat before a breeze,
The first that entered. But no breeze did now
Find entrance;—high or low appeared no trace
Of motion, save the Water that descended,
Diffused adown that Barrier of steep rock,
And softly creeping, like a breath of air,
Such as is sometimes seen, and hardly seen,
To brush the still breast of a crystal lake.

WORDSWORTH.

RIVERS-CATABACTS.

152

THE RIVERS.

- 1 Go! trace the unnumbered streams o'er earth That wind their devious course, That draw from Alpine heights their birth Deep vale, or cavern source.
- 2 Some by majestic cities glide, Proud scenes of man's renown; Some lead their solitary tide, Where pathless forests frown.

- 3 Some calmly roll o'er golden sand, Where Afric's deserts lie; Or spread, to clothe rejoicing lands With rich fertility.
- 4 These bear the bark, whose stately sail Exulting seems to swell; While these, scarce rippled by a gale, Sleep in the lonely dell.
- 5 Yet on, alike, though swift or slow
 Their various waves may sweep,
 Through cities or through shades they flow,
 To the same boundless deep.
- 6 Oh! thus, whate'er our path of life, Through sunshine or through gloom, Through scenes of quiet or of strife, Its end is still the tomb.
- 7 The chief whose mighty deeds we hail,
 The monarch throned on high,
 The peasant in his native vale—
 All journey on—to die!
- 8 But of Thy guardian care, my God! The pilgrim's course attend, I will not fear the dark abode, To which my footsteps bend.
- 9 For thence thine all-redeeming Son, Who died the world to save, In light, in triumph, rose, and won The victory from the grave!

MRS HEMANS.

153

RIVERS.

RIVERS, arise: whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouze, or gulphy Don,
Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
His thirsty arms along the indented meads,
Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath,
Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
Or coaly Tyne, or ancient hallowed Dee,
Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name,
Or Medway smooth, or royal-towered Thame.

MILTON.

154

THE MOHAWK RIVER.

From rise of morn till set of sun,
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run:
And as I marked the woods of pine,
Along his mirror darkly shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizard's midnight glass;
And as I viewed the hurrying pace
With which he ran his turbid race,
Rushing, alike untired and wild,
Through shades that frowned, and flowers that
smiled,

Flying by every green recess, That wood him to its calm caress; Yet sometimes turning with the wind. As if to leave one look behind. Oh! I have thought, and, thinking, sighed, How like to thee, thou restless tide! May be the lot, the life of him Who roams along the water's brim! Through what alternate shades of wo. And flowers of joy my path may go: How many an humble, still retreat May rise to court my weary feet, While still pursuing, still unblest, I wander on, nor dare to rest! But urgent, as the doom that calls Thy water to its destined falls, I see the world's bewildering force Hurry my heart's devoted course From lapse to lapse, till life be done, And the lost current cease to run! O may my falls be bright as thine! May Heaven's forgiving rainbow shine Upon the mist that circles me, As soft, as now it hangs on thee !

MOORE-

155

THE RHINE.

1 ADIEU to thee, fair Rhine! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scene like thine!
The mind is coloured by thy every hue;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!

'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise, More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine.

But none unite in one attaching maze;
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old
days.

2 The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom,
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been
In mockery of man's art; and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene,
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,

Still springing o'er thy banks, though Empires near them fall.

BYRON.

156

THE WATERFALL.

1 Lo! like a glorious pile of diamonds bright, Built on the stedfast cliffs, the waterfall Pours forth its gems of pearl and silver light: They sink, they rise, and sparkling cover all With infinite refulgence; while its song, Sublime as thunder, rolls the woods along2 Rolls through the woods—they send its accents back,

Whose last vibration in the desert dies:
Its radiance glances o'er the watery track,
Till the soft wave, as wrapt in slumber, lies
Beneath the forest-shade; then sweetly flows
A milky stream, all silent, as it goes.

3 Its foam is scattered on the margent bound, Skirting the darksome grove. But list! the hum

Of industry, the rattling hammer's sound,
Files whizzing, creaking sluices, echoed come
On the fast-travelling breeze! O no! no voice
Is heard around, but thy majestic noise!

4 When the mad storm-wind tears the oak asunder,

In thee its shivered fragments find their tomb:

When rocks are riven by the bolt of thunder,
As sands they sink into thy mighty womb:
The ice that would imprison thy proud tide,
Like bits of broken glass is scattered wide.

5 The fierce wolf prowls around thee—there he stands

Listening—not fearful, for he nothing fears:
His red eyes burn like fury-kindled brands,
Like bristles o'er him his coarse fur he rears;
Howling, thy dreadful roar he oft repeats,
And, more ferocious, hastes to bloodier feats.

6 The wild stag hears thy falling waters' sound And tremblingly flies forward—o'er her back She bends her stately horns—the noiseless ground

Her hurried feet impress not—and her track Is lost amidst the tumult of the breeze, And the leaves falling from the rustling trees.

7 The wild horse thee approaches in his turn;
He changes not his proudly rapid stride;
His mane stands up erect—his nostrils burn—
He snorts—he pricks his ears—and starts
aside:

Then rushing madly forward to thy steep, He dashes down into thy torrents deep.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

157

THE RIVER DUDDON.

O MOUNTAIN Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot Are privileged Inmates of deep solitude; Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude A field or two of brighter green, or plot Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot Of stationary sunshine:—thou hast viewed These only, Duddon! with their paths renewed By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not. Thee hath some awful Spirit impelled to leave, Utterly to desert, the haunts of men, Though simple thy companions were and few; And through this wilderness a passage cleave Attended but by thy own voice, save when The Clouds and Fowls of the air thy way pursue!

WORDSWORTH.

158

THE CATARACT.

SMOOTH to the shelving brink a copious flood Rolls far and placid, where collected all, In one impetuous torrent, down the steep It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.

At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad; Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, And, from the loud-resounding rocks below, Dashed in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower. Nor can the tortured wave here find repose; But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now Aslant the hollowed channel rapid darts; And falling fast from gradual slope to slope, With wild infracted course and lessened roar, It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last, Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

THOMSON.

159 THE CATARACT AND STREAMLET.

- Noble the mountain-stream,
 Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground;
 Glory is in its gleam
 Of brightness;—thunder in its deafening sound!
- Mark, how its foamy spray, Tinged by the sun-beams with reflected dyes, Mimics the bow of day Arching in majesty the vaulted skies;—
- 3 Thence, in a summer-shower,
 Steeping the rocks around ;—Oh tell me where
 Could majesty and power
 Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair !
- 4 Yet lovelier, in my view,
 The streamlet flowing, silently serene;
 Traced by the brighter hue,
 And livelier growth it gives;—itself unseen!
- 5 It flows through flowery meads,
 Gladdening the herds which on its margin
 browse;
 Its aniet heanty feeds

Its quiet beauty feeds
The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.

6 Gently it murmurs by The Village Church-yard;—its low, plaintive tone.

A dirge-like melody

For worth, and beauty modest as its own.

7 More gaily now it sweeps
By the small School-house, in the sunshine,
bright:
And o'er the pebbles leaps,

Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

8 May not its course express,
In characters which they who run may read,
The charm of gentleness,
Were but its still small voice allowed to plead.

What are the trophies gained
By power alone, with all its noise and strife,
To that meek wreath unstained,
Won by the charities that gladden life?

Niagara's streams might fail, And human happiness be undisturbed: But Egypt would turn pale, Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curbed.

BARTON.

THE STREAM.

THAT stream, descending from von heaven-ward hills.

And fed with sweetening waters from the sky, A bounteous office to the vale fulfils,

And all its banks with verdure doth supply. So flows the stream of Christian charity.

J. DODDS.

THE SEA, ISLANDS, ETC.

161 ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

O THOU vast Ocean! ever-sounding sca! Thou symbol of a drear immensity! Thou thing that windest round the solid world Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone, Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone. Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep Is like a giant's slumber, loud and deep. Thou speakest in the east and in the west At once, and on thy heavily laden breast

Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife. The earth hath nought of this; nor chance nor chance

Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare Give answer to the tempest-waken air : But o'er its wastes, the weakly tenants range At will, and wound his bosom as they go. Ever the same it hath no ebb, no flow; But in their stated round the seasons come And pass like visions to their viewless home, And come again and vanish: the young Spring Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming, And Winter always winds his sullen horn, And the wild Autumn with a look forlorn Dies in his stormy manhood : and the skies Weep, and flowers sicken when the Summer flies. -Thou only, terrible Ocean, hast a power, A will, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour, When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds, A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be driven

Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind, How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind, And stretch thine arms, and war at once with heaven!

Thou trackless and immeasurable main!
On thee no record ever lived again,
To meet the hand that writ it; line nor lead
Hath ever fathomed thy profoundest deeps,
Where haply the huge monster swells and sleeps,

King of his watery limit, who, 'tis said,
Can move the mighty ocean into storm.—
Oh! wonderful thou art, great element;
And fearful on thy spleeny humours bent.
And lovely in repose: thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
'Eternity, Eternity, and Power.'

PROCTOR.

100

A SWELL OF THE SEA.

NEARER now the labouring deep
Arose, as one enormous wave!
Then would another billow heave,
Vast and unbroken!—Without foam
It seemed one mass of steely gloom;
Till, swelling to a haughtier height,
With shuddering sweep,
It burst against a bellowing rock:
And a long ridge of white
Rushed o'er the Sea, like furnace-smoke;
Or like the high-maned troop of horse
That, in their headlong course,
All iron-black, toss fiery froth
Amidst the sabres' wrath!

FOLWHELE.

163

TO THE OCEAN.

Endless, ever-sounding sea, Image of Eternity!
Troubled, with unconscious breast, Like the dead without their rest;
Deaf unto thy own wild roar,
Heard at once on every shore;
Stretching on from pole to pole,
Far as suns and seasons roll,
Far as reign of night and day,—
Sounding on, away—away!

Oh! what precious things there be, Shrined and sepulchred in thee ! Gems and gold, from every eye Hid, within thy bosom lie : Many a treasure-laden bark Rests within thy caverns dark ; And where towers and temples rose, Buried continents repose : Giant secrets of thy breast, With their thousand isles of rest-With their brave and beauteous forms, Undisturbed beneath thy storms; In a safe and peaceful home, Where the mourner may not come, Nor the stranger rudely tread O'er their calm and coral bed.

Where the ocean buried lies, May no monuments arise, For thy bosom bears no trace Of our evanescent race: On thy wild and wandering wave, Bloom no laurels for the brave ; O'er thy dread, unfathomed gloom, Tower no trophies for the tomb. But there comes a day of dread, To reclaim thy thousand dead : Bursting from thy dark control, While in fire thy billows roll, Shall that countless multitude Soar from out thy shrinking flood, Thy mistress moon be changed to blood! And the sun, with aspect drear, Look upon this parting sphere, As once his startled orb looked wan, On HIS cross who died for man :-Then shall the archangel stand, One foot on sea, and one on shore, And swear with an uplifted hand-That time shall be no more! And while Heaven's last thunders roll, Sounding Nature's parting knoll, Like a burning, blackening scroll, Reeling from the face of day, Earth and sea shall flee away !

MALCOLM.

164

THE SEA.

- Beautiful, sublime, and glorious;
 Mild, majestic, foaming, free;
 Over time itself victorious,
 Image of eternity.
- 2 Epithet-exhausting Ocean! 'Twere as easy to control, In the storm, thy billowy motion, As thy wonders to enrol.'
- 3 Sun and moon, and stars shine o'er thee, See thy surface ebb and flow; Yet attempt not to explore thee, In thy soundless depths below.
- 4 Whether morning's splendours steep three With the rainbow's glowing grace, Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee, 'Tis but for a moment's space.
- 5 Earth—her valleys, and her mountains, Mortal man's behests obey; Thy unfathomable fountains Scoff his search and scorn his sway.
- 6 Such art thou, stupendous Ocean! But, if overwhelmed by thee, Can we think without emotion What must thy Creator be?

BARTON.

THE SEA- A CALM.

Bg it the Summer-noon: a sandy space The ebbing tide has left upon its place; Then just the hot and stony beach above, Like twinkling streams in bright confusion move; (For heated thus, the warmer air ascends, And with the cooler in its fall contends)-Then the broad bosom of the Ocean keeps An equal motion : swelling as it sleeps, Then slowly sinking; curling to the strand, Faint, lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand, Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow, And back return in silence, smooth and slow. Ships in the calm seem anchored; for they glide On the still Sea, urged solely by the tide ; Art thou not present, this calm scene before, Where all beside is pebbly length of shore, And far as eye can reach, it can discern no more !

CRABBE.

166

THE SEA-A STORM.

YET sometimes comes a ruffling cloud to make The quiet surface of the Ocean shake; As an awakened giant with a frown, Might show his wrath, and then to sleep sink down.—

View now the Winter-storm! above, one cloud, Black and unbroken all the skies o'ershroud : The unwieldy porpoise through the day before, Had rolled in view of boding men on shore; And sometimes hid, and sometimes showed his form.

Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm. All where the eye delights, yet dreads to roam, The breaking billows cast the flying foam Upon the billows rising-all the deep Is restless change; the waves so swelled and

steep,

Breaking and sinking, and the sunken swells, Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells; But nearer land you may the billows trace, As if contending in their watery chase ; May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach, Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch; Curled as they come, they strike with furious force,

And then re-flowing, take their grating course, Raking the rounded flints, which ages past Rolled by their rage, and shall to ages last.

CRABBE.

167 THERE'S BEAUTY IN THE DEEP.

I THERE's beauty in the deep :-The wave is bluer than the sky: And though the light shine bright on high, More softly do the sea-gems glow
That sparkle in the depths below;
The rainbow's tints are only made
When on the waters they are laid,
And Sun and Moon most sweetly shine
Upon the ocean's level brine.
There's beauty in the deep!

- There's music in the deep:—
 It is not in the surf's rough roar,
 Nor in the whispering, shelly shore—
 They are but earthly sounds, that tell
 How little of the sea-nymph's shell,
 That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
 Or winds its softness through the floud,
 Echoes through groves with coral gay,
 And dies, on spongy banks, away.
 There's music in the deep!
- There's quiet in the deep:

 Above, let tides and tempests rave,
 And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave;
 Above, let care and fear contend
 With sin and sorrow to the end:
 Here, far beneath the tainted foam,
 That frets above our peaceful home,
 We dream in joy, and wake in love,
 Nor know the rage that yells above.
 There's quiet in the deep!

BRAINARD.

168 A SEA

A SEA-SHORE SKETCH.

I-LOVED to walk where none had walked before. About the rocks that ran along the shore : Or far beyond the sight of men to stray, And take my pleasure when I lost my way. For then 'twas mine to trace the hilly heath, And all the mossy moor that lies beneath. Here had I favourite stations where I stood, And heard the murmurs of the Ocean-flood, With not a sound beside, except when flew Aloft the lapwing, or the gray curlew, Who, with wild notes my fancied power defied, And mocked the dreams of solitary pride. I loved to stop at every creek and bay Made by the river in its winding way, And call to memory-not by marks they bare, But by the thoughts that were created there. Pleasant it was to view the sea-gulls strive Against the storm, or in the Ocean dive, With eager scream; or when they dropping gave Their closing wings to sail upon the wave: Then as the winds and waters raged around, And breaking billows mixed their deafening sound; They on the rolling deep securely hung, And calmly rode the restless waves among. Nor pleased it less around me to behold Far up the beach, the yesty sea-foam rolled; Or from the shore upborne, to see on high Its frothy flakes in wild confusion fly; While the salt spray that clashing billows form, Gave to the taste a feeling of the storm.

CRABBE.

THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

- 1 Thou art sounding on, thou mighty Sea,
 For ever and the same!
 The ancient rocks yet ring to thee,
 Whose thunders nought can tame.
- 2 Oh! many a glorious voice is gone From the rich bowers of earth, And hushed is many a lovely one Of mournfulness, or mirth.
- 3 The Dorian flute, that sighed of yore Along thy wave, is still; The harp of Judah peals no more On Zion's awful hill:
- 4 And Memnon's, too, hath lost the chord
 That breathed the mystic tone,
 And the songs, at Rome's high triumphs
 poured,
 Are with her eagles flown:
- 5 And mute the Moorish horn, that rang O'er stream and mountain free, And the hymn the learned Crusaders sang Hath died in Galilee.
- 6 But thou art swelling on, thou Deep,
 Through many an olden clime,
 Thy billowy anthem ne'er to sleep
 Until the close of time.

- 7 Thou liftest up thy solemn voice To every wind and sky, And all our Earth's green shores rejoice In that one harmony!
- 8 It fills the noontide's calm profound, The sunset's heaven of gold; And the still midnight hears the sound E'en as when first it rolled.
- 9 Let there be silence, deep and strange, Where crowning cities rose! Thou speak'st of One that doth not change— So may our hearts repose.

MRS HEMANS.

170

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

- 1 How rich the wave, in front imprest
 With evening twilight's summer hues,
 While, facing thus the crimson west,
 The boat her silent path pursues!
- 2 And see how dark the backward stream! A little moment past, so smiling! And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam, Some other loiterer beguiling.
- 3 Such views the youthful bard allure, But, heedless of the following gloom, He deems their colours shall endure Till peace go with him to the tomb.

WORDSWORTH.

THE GROUND SWELL.

The sun is high, the Atlantic is unfanned Even by the breathing of the gentle West; And yet the broad blue flood is not at rest! Amid the holy calm on sea and land, There is a murmuring on the distant strand; And silently, though Ocean heaves its breast, The shoreward swellings wear a feathery crest, And meet the opposing rocks in conflict grand. There, ships that dare the eternal winds and seas, In the commotion, roll without a breeze, And as their sides the huge upswellings lave, His flagging sails the listless seaman sees, And wishes rather for the winds to rave, And, like an arrow, dart him o'er the wave.

CARRINGTON.

172

THE SEA

Hall to thy face and odours, glorious Sea!
Twere thanklessuess in me to bless thee not,
Great beauteous Being! in whose breath and
smile

My heart beats calmer, and my very mind Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcomer Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world! Though like the world thou fluctuat'st, thy din To me is peace, thy restlessness repose. Even gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes, With all the darling field-flowers in their prime, And gardens haunted by the nightingale's Long trills and gushing ecstacies of song, For these wild headlands, and the sea-mew's clang.

With thee beneath my windows, pleasant Sea, I long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades And green savannahs—Earth has not a plain So boundless or so beautiful as thine; The eagle's vision cannot take it in: The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space, Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird: It is the mirror of the stars, where all Their hosts within the concave firmament, Gay marching to the music of the spheres, Can see themselves at once.

Nor on the stage
Of rural landscape are their lights and shades
Of more harmonious dance and play than thine.
How vividly this moment brightens forth,
Between gray parallel and leaden breadths,
A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league,
Flushed like the rainbow, or the ringdove's neck,
And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing
The semblance of a meteor.

Mighty Sea!
Cameleon-like thou changest, but there's love
"all thy change, and constant sympathy
b yonder Sky—thy Mistress; from her brow

Thou tak'st thy moods and wear'st her colours on Thy faithful bosom; morning's milky white, Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve; And all thy balmier hours, fair Element, Have such divine complexion—crisped smiles, Luxuriant heavings, and sweet whisperings, That little is the wonder Love's own Queen From thee of old was fabled to have sprung. Creation's common! which no human power Can parcel or enclose; the lordliest floods And cataracts that the tiny hands of man Can tame, conduct, or bound, are drops of dew To thee that could subdue the Earth itself, And brook'st commandment from the heavens alone

For marshalling thy waves—

Yet, potent Sea! How placidly thy moist lips speak even now Along yon sparkling shingles. Who can be So fanciless as to feel no gratitude That power and grandeur can be so serene, Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way, And rocking even the fisher's little bark As gently as a mother rocks her child!

CAMPRELL.

O

173 A SCENE IN THE OCEAN—FLYING FISH, DOLPHINS, WHALES, ETC.

Light as a flake of foam upon the wind, Keel upward, from the deep emerged a shell, Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is filled; Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose, And moved at will along the yielding water; The native pilot of this little bark Put out a tier of oars on either side, Spread to the wafting breeze a twofold sail, And mounted up, and glided down the billow In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air, And wander in the luxury of light. Entranced in contemplation vague, yet sweet, I watched its vagrant course and rippling wake, Till I forget the sun amidst the heavens.

Whilst the last bubble crowned the dimpling eddy,
Through which mine eye still giddily pursued it,
A joyous creature vaulted through the air:
The aspiring fish that fain would be a bird,
On long light wings, that flung a diamond shower
Of dew-drops round its evanescent form,
Sprang into light, and instantly descended
Ere I could greet the stranger as a friend,
Or mourn his quick departure:—on the surge
A shoal of dolphins tumbling in wild glee,
Glowed with such orient tints, they might have

The rainbow's offspring, when it met the ocean In that resplendent vision I had seen. While yet in cestacy I hung o'er these With every motion pouring out fresh beauties, As though the conscious colours came and went At pleasure, glorying in their subtle changes, Enormous o'er the flood Leviathan Looked forth, and from his roaring nostrils sent Two fountains to the sky, then plunged amain In headlong pastime through the closing gulf.

These were but preludes to the revelry That reigned at sunset : then the deep let loose Its blythe adventurers to sport at large, As kindly instinct taught them; buoyant shells, On stormless voyages, in fleets or single, Where fled their tiny mariners; aloof On wing-like fins, in bow-and-arrow figures, The flying fishes darted to and fro ; While spouting whales projected watery columns, That turned to arches at their height and seemed The skeletons of chrystal palaces, Built on the blue expanse, then perishing, Frail as the element that they were made of : Dolphins in gambols lent the lucid brine Hues richer than the canopy of eve, That overhung the scene with gorgeous clouds, Decaying into gloom more beautiful Than the sun's golden liveries which they lost.

MONTGOMERY.

THE CORAL ISLAND.

Aron by atom thus the burden grew,
Even like an infant in the womb, till time
Delivered ocean of that monstrous birth,
A coral island, stretching east and west,
In God's own language to its parent saying,
'Thus far, nor farther, shalt thou go; and here
Shall thy proud waves be stayed.'—A point at
first

It peered above those waves; a point so small, I just perceived it fixed where all was floating, And when a bubble crossed it, the blue film Expanded like a sky above the speck; That speck became a hand-breadth; day and

night

It spread, accumulated, and ere long Presented to my view a dazzling plain, White as the moon, amid the sapphire sea; Bare at low water, and as still as death; But when the tide came gurgling o'er the surface, 'Twas like a resurrection of the dead From graves innumerable; punctures fine In the close coral, capillary swarms Of reptiles, horrent as Medusa's snakes, Covered the bald-pate reef; then all was life, And indefatigable industry; The artizans were twisting to and fro, In idle-seeming convolutions; yet They never vanished with the heaving surge Till pellicle on pellicle, and layer In layer, was added to the growing mass.

Ere long the reef o'ertopt the spring floods height,

And mocked the billows when they leaped upon it.

Unable to maintain their slippery hold,

And falling down in foam-wreaths round its verge.

Steep were the flanks with precipices sharp,
Descending to their base in ocean-gloom.
Chasms few, and narrow, and irregular,
Formed harbours, safe at once and perilous—
Safe for defence, but perilous to enter,
A sea-lake shone amidst the fossil isle,
Reflecting in a ring its cliffs and caverns,
With heaven itself seen like a lake below.

MONTGOMERY.

175

THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a Coral Grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow;

And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow From coral rocks the sea-plants lift Their boughs where the tides and billows flow;

The water is calm and still below,

For the winds and waves are absent there, And the sands are bright as the stars that glow In the motionless fields of upper air;

There with its waving blade of green,

The sea-flag streams through the silent water, And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen

- To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter; There with a light and easy motion,

The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep

sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea:

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,

Is sporting amid those bowers of stone, And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms,

Has made the top of the wave his own:

And when the ship from his fury flies,

Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,

When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies, And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;

Then far below, in the peaceful sea,

The purple mullet and gold-fish rove, Where the waters murmur tranquilly,

Through the bending twigs of the Coral Grove.

PERCIVAL (American).

THE AIR.

WINDE.

176

TO THE WINDS.

HAIL, gentle Winds! I love your murmuring sound:

The willows charm me, wavering to and fro; And oft I stretch me on the daisied ground, To see you crimp the wrinkled flood below:

Delighted more as brisker gusts succeed
And give the landscape round a sweeter grace,
Sweeping in shaded waves the ripening mead,

Puffing their rifled fragrance in my face. Painters of Nature! ye are doubly dear

Her children dearly love your whispering charms:

Ah, ye have murmured sweet to many an ear
That now lies dormant in Death's icy arms,
And at this moment many a weed ye wave,
That hides the bard in the forgotten grave.

CLARE.

THE WINDS.

- YE viewless Minstrels of the sky!
 I marvel not, in times gone by,
 That ye were deified:
 For, even in this later day,
 To me oft has your power, or play,
 Unearthly thoughts supplied.
- 2 Awful your power! when, by your might, You heave the wild waves, crested white, Like mountains in your wrath; Ploughing between them valleys deep, Which, to the seaman roused from sleep, Yawn like death's opening path!
- 3 Graceful your play! when, round the bower Where Beauty calls Spring's loveliest flower, To wreathe her dark locks there, Your gentlest whispers lightly breathe The leaves between, flit round that wreath, And stir her silken hair.
- 4 Still thoughts like these are but of earth,
 And you can give far loftier birth:—
 Ye come!—we know not whence!
 Ye go!—can mortals trace your flight!
 All imperceptible to sight,
 Though audible to sense.
- 5 The Sun—his rise and set we know; The Sea—we mark its ebb and flow "he Moon—her wax and wane;

The Stars—man knows their courses well, The Comets' vagrant paths can tell;— But you his search disdain.

- 6 Ye restless, homeless, shapeless things!
 Who mock all our imaginings,
 Like Spirits in a dream;
 What epithet can words supply
 Unto the bard who takes such high
 Unmanageable theme!
- 7 But one:—to me, when Fancy stirs
 My thoughts, ye seem Heaven's Messengers,
 Who leave no path untrod;
 And when, as now, at midnight's hour,
 I hear your voice in all its power,
 It seems the Voice of God.

BARTON.

CLOUDS, STORMS, CALMS.

178

THE CLOUDS.

When the first day-beam blessed the sky,
I marked the varied clouds on high,—
The clouds through which the sun-light broke,
As if it came from heaven, and woke
Their sleepy shadows into smiles,
And wooed them with a thousand wiles:—
Those at a distance yet, were cold
And dull and naked, after night;

But on, toward the east, they rolled, And clad them in a robe of light. Others, as if they loved to dwell In darkness, moved but slowly on, And when on them its brightness fell, But little of their gloom had gone: One, gloomier still, its course delays, As though too heavy for the sky. Then breaks and passes gaily by:-While some had gathered round the rays That gave them hues and forms so fair. As loath to leave that glorious place, To lose their beauty, and to trace Their pathway through the murky air. I marked, when day was at its height, Others of many a varied dve. More fair of form, more purely bright Than those that decked the morning sky, And gazed, 'till over all on high The sun held uncontrolled sway, And chased from heaven all gloom away, While the few clouds that o'er it past, No beam obscured, no shadow cast. But when the day was almost done, The clouds were beautiful indeed. When, from his daily duty freed, Still in his glorious strength, the sun Shone forth upon the twilight skies, And graced them with his myriad dyes. I saw the clouds that onward drew From out the deep and distant blue, me all beautiful and bright.

to show the coming night,

How great the radiance and the power, Even of the sun's departing hour.
They took all shapes, as fancy wrought Her web, and mingled thought with thought: Some like familiar forms—the themes
Of early loves that fade to dreams—
Some were of rainbow shape and hues;
Some glistened, like our earth, with dews;
Some were like forests, seen afar;
Some like the restless wandering star;
While some appeared like coral caves,
Half hidden by the ocean waves,

All covered with their snow-white spray; Others were there, which seemed to be Fair islands in a dark blue sea, Which human eves at eve behold;

But only then—unseen by day, Their shores and mountains all of gold.

S. C. HALL.

179

A STORM.

THERE was a Tempest brooding in the air,
Far in the west. Above, the skies were fair,
And the sun seemed to go in glory down—
One small black cloud (one only), like a crown
Touched his descending disk, and rested there:
Slow then it came along, to the great wind
Rebellious, and, although it blew and blew,
Came on increasing, and across the blue
Spread its dark shape, and left the sun behind.

The daylight sank, and the winds wailed about The barque wherein the luckless couple lay. And from the distant cloud came scattering out Rivers of fire: it seemed as though the day Had burst from out the billows far away. The storm continued; and no voice was heard, Save that of some poor solitary bird. That sought a shelter on the quivering mast; But soon borne off by the tremendous blast, Sank in the waters, screaming. The great sea Bared, like a grave, its bosom silently, Then fell and panted like an angry thing With its own strength at war: the vessel flew Towards the land, and then the billows grew Larger and white, and roared as triumphing, Scattering afar and wide the heavy spray. That shone like bright snow as it passed away.

FROCTOR.

180

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun;
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow,
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below;
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,
E'en in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.

Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

WILSON.

181

THE CLOUDS.

O PAINTED Clouds! sweet beauties of the sky!

How have I viewed your motion and your rest,

When, like fleet hunters, ye have left mine eye,

In your thin gauze of woolly-fleecing drest;

Or in your threatened thunder's grave black

vest,

Like black deep waters slowly moving by; Awfully striking the spectator's breast With your Creator's dread sublimity, As admiration mutely views your storms. And I do love to see you idly lie,

Painted by heaven as various as your forms, Pausing upon an eastern mountain high.

CLARE.

THE CLOUDS.

- l YE posters of the wakeless air!
 How silently ye glide
 Down the unfathomed atmosphere,
 That deep—deep, azure tide!
 And thus in giant pomp ye go,
 On high and reachless range,
 Above earth's gladness and its woe,
 Through centuries of change.
 Your destiny how lone and strange!
- 2 Ye bear the Bow of Beauty—flung On your triumphal path, Splendid as first in joy it hung O'er God's retiring wrath. The promise and the covenant Are written on your brow— The mercy to the sinful sent Is bending o'er them now. Ye bear the memory of the Vow.
- 3 Ye linger with the silver stars,
 Ye pass before the sun—
 Ye marshal elements to wars,
 And when the roar is done,
 Ye lift your volumed robes in light,
 And wave them to the world,
 Like victory flags o'er scattered fight,
 Brave banners all unfurled—
 Still there, though rent and tempest-hurled.

4 Ye bear the living thunder out,
Ye pageants of the sky!
Answering with trumpets' brattling shout
The lightning's scorehing eye.
Pale faces cluster under ye,
Beneath your withering look,
And shaking hearts bow fearfully
At your sublime rebuke.
Has man his mockery forsook!

5 And then, in still and summer hours,
When men sit weary down,
Ye come o'er heated fields and flowers,
With shadowy pinions on—
Ye hover where the fervent earth
A saddened silence fills,
And, mourning o'er its strickened mirth,
Ye weep along the hills.
Then how the wakening landscape thrills!

6 And thus ye circle countless spheres,
Old spirits of the skies!
The same through Nature's smiles and tears,
Ye rose on Paradise.
I hear a voice from out your shrouds,
That tells me of decay—
For though ye stay not, hurtling Clouds!
Till the last gathering day,
Ye pass like life's dim dreams away.

MELLEN (American).

THE CLOUD.

1 I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers, From the seas and the streams;

I bear light shade for the leaves when laid In their noon-day dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken

The sweet birds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's breast, As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I disclar it in min

And then again I dissolve it in rain, And laugh as I pass in thunder.

2 I sift the snow on the mountains below, And their great pines groan aghast;

And all the night 'tis my pillow white, While I sleep in the arms of the blast. Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,

Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits:

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion, This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that move In the depths of the purple sea;

Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills, Over the lakes and plains, Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

3 The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain erag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
beneath
Its ardours of rest and love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall

And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

4 That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin
roof,

The stars peep behind her and peer; And I laugh to see them whirl and flee, Like a swarm of golden bees, When I widen the rent in my wind-buil
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through
high,

Are each paved with the moon and th

5 I bind the sun's throne with a burning: And the moon's with a girdle of pear! The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reswim.

When the whirlwinds my banner unf From cape to cape, with a bridge-like sl Over a torrent sea,

Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be,
The triumphal arch through which I ms
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained

chair,

Is the million-coloured bow;

The sphere-fire above its soft colours wo
While the moist earth was laughing b

6 I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the oce
shores;

I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain when with never a str.

The pavilion of heaven is bare,

And the winds and sunbeams with their gleams,

Build up the blue dome of air,

I silently laugh at my own cenotaph, And out of the caverns of rain, Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb, I arise and unbuild it again.

SHELLEY.

184

A STORM AMONG THE ALPS.

I THE sky is changed !- and such a change, O night.

And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous

strong.

Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light Of a dark eye in woman! Far along, From peak to peak, the rattling crags among Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,

But every mountain now hath found a tongue, And Jura answers, through her misty shroud, Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !

2 And this is in the night :- Most glorious night! Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,-A portion of the tempest and of thee ! How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea, And the big rain comes dancing to the earth! And now again 'tis black,-and now, the glee Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth. As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

CONTO

A CALM AT SEA.

THE night is clear,
The sky is fair,
The wave is resting on the Ocean;
And far and near,
The silent air,
Just lifts the flag with faintest motion.

There is no gale
To fill the sail,
No wind to heave the curling billow;
The streamers droop,
And, humbling, stoop,
Like boughs that crown the weeping willow.

From off the shore,
Is heard the roar
Of waves in softest motion rolling;
The twinkling stars
And whispering airs,
Are all to peace the heart controlling.

The Moon is bright,
Her ray of light,
In silver, pales the blue of heaven;
Or tints with gold,
Where lightly rolled,
Like fleecy snow, the rack is driven.

5 How calm and clear
The silent air!
How smooth and still the glassy Ocean;
While Stars above,
Seem lamps of love,
To light the temple of devotion.

PERCIVAL (American).

186 EVENING CALM ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

- 1 CLEAR, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake, With the wide world I dwelt in, is a thing Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring. This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing To waft me from distraction; once I loved Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved, That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.
- 2 It is the hush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
 Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear
 Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oax,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night care

Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night earol more;

3 He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

4. All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,

But breathless, as we grow when feeling most; And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep;— All heaven and earth are still: from the high host

Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain-coast, All is concentered in a life intense, Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost, But hath a part of being, and a sense Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

BYRON.

187

A CALM AFTER A STORM IN ASIA.

How calm, how beautiful comes on e stilly hour, when storms are gone! en warring winds have died away, ! clouds, beneath the glancing ray, Melt off, and leave the land and sea Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
Fresh as if Day again were born Again upon the lap of Morn!
When the light blossoms, rudely torn And scattered at the whirlwind's will, Hang floating in the pure air, still, Filling it all with precious balm, In gratitude for this sweet calm;— And every drop the thunder-showers Have left upon the grass and flowers Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem Whose liquid flame is born of them!

When, stead of one unchanging breeze, There blow a thousand gentle airs,

And each a different perfume bears,—
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own,
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs!
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
And even that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heaves
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest—
Too newly to be quite at rest!

MOORE.

188

A STORM.

Once, at high noon, amidst a sultry calm, Looking around for comfort, I descried,

Far on the green bucizen's utmost verge, A wreath of cloud; to me a glad discovery. From each new image sprang a new idea, The germ of thoughts to come, that could not die. The little varous rapidly expanded, Lowering and thickening till it hid the sun. And threw a starless night upon the sea. Eagerly, tremblingly, I watched the end. Faint gleamed the lightning, followed by no peal; Dreary and hollow means foretold a gale: Nor long the issue tarried; then the wind, Unprisoned, blew its trumpet loud and shrill; Out flashed the lightnings gloriously; the rain Came down like music, and the full-toned thunder Rolled in grand harmony throughout high heaven, Till Ocean, breaking from his black supineness, Drowned in his own stupendous uproar all The voices of the Storm beside; meanwhile A war of mountains raged upon his surface; Mountains each other swallowing, and again New Alps and Andes, from unfathomed valleys Upstarting, joined the battle; like those sons Of earth, - giants, rebounding as new-born From every fall on their unwearied mother. I glowed with all the rapture of the strife: Beneath was one wide whirl of foaming surges; Above the array of lightnings, like the swords Of cherubim, wide brandished, to repel Aggression from Heaven's gates; their flaming

Quenched momentarily in the vast abyss.

MONTGOMERY.

A STORM.

'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep, And pause at times, and feel that we are safe, Then listen to the perilous tale again, And, with an eager and suspended soul, Woo Terror to delight us .- But to hear The roaring of the raging elements :-To know all human skill, all human strength, Avail not ;-to look round and only see The mountain-wave incumbent with its weight Of bursting waters o'er the reeling bark,-This is indeed a dread and awful thing ! And he who hath endured the horror, once, Of such an hour, doth never hear the Storm Howl round his home, but he remembers it. And thinks upon the suffering mariner!

SOUTHEY.

190

A THUNDER STORM.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all: When to the startled eye the sudden glance Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud; And following slower, in explosion vast, The Thunder raises his tremendous voice. At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of Heaven, The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,

And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosened aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crushed horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.
Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquenched,
The unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.

THOMSON.

DIEW-THIE RATHBOW.

191

DEW.

- 1 Sweet is the early dew, Which gilds the mountains' tops, And decks each plant and flower we view, With pearly glittering drops:
- 2 But sweeter far the scene, On Zion's holy hill; Yhen there the dew of youth is seen Its freshness to distil.

- 3 Sweet is the opening flower Which just begins to bloom, Which every day and every hour Fresh beauties will assume:
- 4 But sweeter that young heart,
 Where faith, and love, and peace,
 Blossom and bloom in every part,
 With sweet and varied grace.

ANON.

192

DEW.

Daws of the morning, wherefore were ye given ?

—To shine on earth, then rise to heaven.

MONTGOMERY

193

THE RAINBOW.

STILL young and fine, but what is still in view We slight as old and soiled, though fresh and new.

How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye Thy burnished flaming arch did first descry; When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot, The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot Did with intentive looks watch every hour For thy new light, and tremble at each shower! When thou dost shine, darkness looks whi

Storms turn to music, clouds to smiles and Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and po Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and fi Bright pledge of peace and sunshine, the stoff thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye! When I behold thee, though my light be di Distant and low, I can in thine see him, Who looks upon thee from his glorious thre And minds the covenant betwixt all and On

VAUGH

194

THE RAINBOW.

- I TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
 When storms prepare to part,
 I ask not proud philosophy
 To teach me what thou art.
- 2 Still seem as to my childhood's sight, A midway station given For happy spirits to alight Betwixt the earth and heaven.
- 3 Can all that optics teach unfold
 Thy form to please me so,
 As when I dreamed of gems and gold
 Hid in thy radiant bow?

- 4 When Science from Creation's face Enchantment's veil withdraws, What lovely visions yield their place To cold material laws!
- 5 And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams, But words of the Most High, Have told why first thy robe of beams Was woven in the sky.
- 6 When o'er the green undeluged earth Heaven's covenant thou didst shine, How came the world's gray fathers forth To watch thy sacred sign.
- 7 And when its yellow lustre smiled O'er mountains yet untrod, Each mother held aloft her child To bless the bow of God.
- 8 Methinks, thy jubilee to keep, The first-made anthem rang On earth, delivered from the deep, And the first poet sang.
- 9 Nor ever shall the Muse's eye Unraptured greet thy beam; Theme of primeval phophecy, Be still the poet's theme!
- 10 The earth to thee her incense yields, The lark thy welcome sings, When, glittering in the freshened fields, The snowy mushroom springs.

- 11 How glorious is thy girdle cast
 O'er mountain, tower, and town,
 Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
 A thousand fathoms down!
- 12 As fresh in yon horizon dark,
 As young thy beauties seem,
 As when the eagle from the ark
 First sported in thy beam.
- 13 For, faithful to its sacred page,
 Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
 Nor lets the type grow pale with age
 That first spoke peace to man.

CAMPBELL.

195

THE EVENING RAINBOW.

MILD arch of promise! on the evening sky
Thou shinest fair with many a lovely ray
Each in the other melting. Much mine eye
Delights to linger on thee; for the day,
Changeful and many-weathered, seemed to smile
Flashing brief splendour through its clouds awhile,
Which deepened dark anon, and fell in rain:

But pleasant it is now to pause, and view
Thy various tints of frail and watery hue,

And think the storm shall not return again. Such is the smile that piety bestows

On the good man's pale cheek, when he, in peace Departing gently from a world of woes,

Anticipates the realm where sorrows cease.

SOUTHER

THE RAINBOW.

1 THE skies, like a banner in sunset unrolled, O'er the west threw their splendour of azure and gold:

But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increased.

Till its margin of black touched the zenith and

2 We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glowed.

When a vision of beauty appeared on the

'Twas not like the sun, as at mid-day we view, Nor the moon, that rolls nightly through starlight and blue.

3 Like a Spirit, it came in the van of a storm! And the eye, and the heart, hailed its beautiful form;

For it looked not severe, like an Angel of Wrath,

But its garment of brightness illumed its dark path.

4 In the hues of its grandeur, sublimely it stood, O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood,

And river, field, village, and woodlands grew bright.

As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

5 'Twas the bow of Omnipotence; bent in His hand, Whose grasp at Creation the Universe spanned; Twas the presence of God, in a symbol so His Vow from the Flood to the exit of T

6 Not dreadful, as when in the whirlw pleads,

When storms are his chariot, and lightn steeds;

The black clouds his banner of vengea furled,

And thunder his voice to a guilt-s world;—

7 In the breath of his presence, when the expire,

And seas boil with fury, and rocks but fire, And the sword, and the plague-spot wit

strew the plain,
And vultures, and wolves, are the grave

slain.

8 Not such was that Rainbow, that beautif
Whose arch was refraction, its key-st

sun; A pavilion it seemed which the Deity gr

And Justice and Mercy met there, a braced.

9 Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the glo Like Love o'er a death-couch, or Hope tomb;

That left the dark scene, whence it ske tired,

As Love had just vanished, or Hope had

THE RAINBOW.

- I Soft glowing in uncertain birth,
 'Twixt Nature's smiles and tears,
 The bow, O Lord, which Thou hast bent,
 Bright in the clouds appears;
 The portal of thy dwelling-place
 That pure arch seems to be,
 And, as I bless its mystic light,
 My spirit turns to Thee.
- 2 Thus, gleaming o'er a guilty world,
 We hail the ray of love;—
 Thus dawns upon the contrite soul
 Thy mercy from above;
 And as thy faithful promise speaks
 Repentant sin forgiven,
 In humble hope we bless the beam
 That points the way to Heaven.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

LIGHTNING AND THUNDER.

198

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

1 When in dark and dreadful gloom, Clouds on clouds portentous spread, Black, as if the day of doom Hung o'er nature's shrinking headWhen the lightning breaks on high, God is coming—God is nigh!

- 2 Then we hear his chariot wheels As the mighty thunder rolls; Nature—startled nature, reels From the centre to the poles: Then the ocean, earth, and sky, Tremble as he passes by!
- 3 Darkness, wild with horror, forms His mysterious hiding-place; Should he, from his ark of storms, Rend the veil and show his face,— At the judgment of his eye, All the universe would die!
- 4 God of vengeance! from above,
 While thine awful bolts are hurled,
 Oh! remember thou art love!
 Spare,—oh, spare a guilty world!
 Stay thy flaming wrath awhile,
 Let the bow of promise smile!
- 5 When the last dread day appears,
 Bursting wide from pole to pole;
 When, amid the shivering spheres,
 Twice ten thousand thunders roll;
 When the dream of time shall end;
 May I find the Judge my Friend!

MONTGOMERY.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

- 1 Sons of the Mighty—pause and fear!
 Jehovah's power proclaim!
 The glory of his state revere,
 And bow before his name!
 His watery car is rolling by;
 And hark! his voice of majesty
 Divides the forks of flame!
 He blasts the cedar, burns the oak,
 And cleaves the mountains with a stroke.
- 2 He lays the forest thickets bare,
 And lights the shade profound;
 The deer, that crept for refuge there,
 Springs from the burning ground!
 The lion from his secret den,
 Moans in instinctive horror then,
 And crouches at the sound:
 He knows his Maker's voice, and hides
 In the deep cavern's immost sides.
- 3 Amidst the storm Jehovah reigus,
 And guards his people's weal;
 He holds the lightnings fast in chains,
 Though all creation reel;
 And those whom he will deign to keep,
 May lay them down in peace to sleep,
 Nor heed the threatening peal;
 Assured, beneath his mighty arm,
 Danger is safe, and tumult calm.

EDMESTON.

IT THUNDERS.

1 Ir thunders! sons of dust, in reverence bow!
Ancient of Days! thou speakest from above!
Thy right hand wields the bolt of terror now;
That hand which scatters peace, and joy, and
love.

Almighty! trembling like a timid child,
I hear thy awful voice—alarmed—afraid—
I see the flashes of thy lightning wild,
And in the very grave would hide my head.

2 Lord! what is man? up to the sun he flies— Or feebly wanders through earth's vale of dust:

There is he lost 'midst heaven's high mysteries, And here in error and in darkness lost: Beneath the storm-clouds, on life's raging sea, Like a poor sailor—by the tempest tossed In a frail bark—the sport of destiny,

He sleeps-and dashes on the rocky coast.

3 Thou breathest; and the obedient storm is still: Thou speakest; silent the submissive wave: Man's shattered ship the rushing waters fill, And the hushed billows roll across his grave. Sourceless and endless God! compared with Thee.

Life is a shadowy momentary dream!

And time, when viewed through Thy eternity,
Less than the mote of morning's golden
beam.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

SILENCE AFTER THUNDER.

Hast thou not marked, when, o'er thy startled head,

Sudden and deep the thunder peal has rolled, How, when its echoes fell, a silence dead Sunk on the wood, the meadow, and the wold? The rye-grass shakes not on the sod-built fold, The rustling aspen's leaves are mute and still, The wall-flower waves not on the ruined hold, Till, murmuring distant first, then near and shrill,

The savage whirlwind wakes, and sweeps the groaning hill.

SCOTT.

202

WINTER LIGHTNING.

1 The flash at midnight!—'twas a light
That gave the blind a moment's sight,
Then sunk in tenfold gloom;
Loud, deep, and long the thunder broke,
The deaf ear instantly awoke,
Then closed as in the tomb:
An angel might have passed my bed,
Sounded the trump of God, and fled.

2 So life appears;—a sudden birth, A glance revealing heaven and earth, It is and it is not! So fame the poet's hope deceives, Who sings for after-times, and leaves A name—to be forgot: Life is a lightning-flash of breath, Fame but a thunder-clap at death.

MONTGOMERY.

FROST-SNOW.

203

FROST AND ITS EFFECTS.

The loosened ice,
Let down the flood, and half dissolved by day,
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till, seized from shore to shore,
The whole imprisoned river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the distant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,

Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole. From pole to pole the rigid influence falls, Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong, And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on; Till Morn, late rising o'er the drooping world, Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears The various labour of the silent night: Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade, Whose idle torrents only seem to roar, The pendant icicle ; the frost-work fair. Where transient hues, and fancied figures rise ; Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook, A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn; The forest bent beneath the plumy wave; And by the frost refined the whiter snow, Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks His pining flock, or from the mountain top, Pleased with the slippery surface, swift descends.

THOMSON.

204

A FALL OF SNOW.

The keener tempests rise: and fuming dun From all the livid east, or piercing north, Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congealed; Heavy they roll their fleecy world along, And the sky saddens with the gathered storm. Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends.

At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man.

THOMSON.

205

HOAR-FROST.

What dream of beauty ever equalled this! What bands from fairyland have sallied forth, With snowy foliage from the abundant North, With imagery from the realms of bliss! What visions of my boyhood do I miss That here are not restored! All splendours pure, All loveliness, all graces that allure; Shapes that amaze; a paradise that is,—Yet was not,—will not in few moments be: Glory from nakedness, that playfully Mimies with passing life each summer boon; Clothing the ground—replenishing the tree; Weaving arch, bower, and delicate festoon; "till as a dream,—and like a dream to flee!

W. HOWITT.

THE FROSTED TREES.

- 1 What strange enchantment meets my view, So wondrous bright and fair? Has heaven poured out its silver dew On the rejoicing air? Or am I borne to regions new To see the glories there?
- 2 Last eve when sunset filled the sky With wreaths of golden light, The trees sent up their arms on high, All leafless to the sight, And sleepy mists came down to lie On the dark breast of night.
- 3 But now the scene is changed, and all
 Is fancifully new;
 The trees, last eve so straight and tall,
 Are bending on the view,
 And streams of living daylight fall
 The silvery arches through.
- 4 The boughs are strung with glittering pearls,
 As dewdrops bright and bland,
 And there they gleam in silvery curls,
 Like gems of Samarcand,
 Seeming in wild fantastic whirls
 The work of fairy land.

ANON.

AURDRA BOREALIS.

207

AURORA BOREALIS.

- 1 Child of the north, whose vivid light, All playfully illumes the sky;
 We see thee 'midst the shades of night, When cloudless stillness reigns on high.
 Some look on thee with trembling eye, As herald of untold designs,—
 Lights bursting on dark prophecy,
 The harbinger of troublous times.
- 2 They see in thee the ranks of war, The fleets that sail the mighty sea; And speak of deeds unknown—afar, Revealed in signs alone by thee: Yet 'midst the blue immensity, Regardless of the thoughts of man, Thy nightly march is still on high As when creation's hours began.
- 3 How harmless are those lights which glow
 By night along the northern sphere:
 Reflected to a world below,
 Which mourns the winter of her year.
 Yet I remember still that fear,
 Which childhood felt to gaze on thee,
 When told by some prophetic seer,
 The bloody scenes which soon would be.

4 But soon philosophy whose flight
On eagle wing explores the sky
Dispelled those fears, and brought delight
With every meteor flash on high.
Then while to thee we turn our eye,
Bright bursting from the dreary pole,
Let thoughts above philosophy,
With all thy brightness fill the soul.

WEIR.

208

AURORA BOREALIS.

'Mto the dark steeps repose the shadowy streams,
As touched with dawning Moon-light's hoary
gleams,

Long streaks of fairy light the wave illume, With bordering lines of intervening gloom, Soft o'er the surface creep the lustres pale, Tracking, with silvering path, the changeful

gale.—

'Tis restless magic all; at once the bright Breaks on the shade, the shade upon the light. Fair Spirits are abroad; in sportive chase Brushing with lucid wands the water's face; While music, stealing round the glimmering deeps.

Charms the tall circle of the enchanted steeps.

WORDSWORTH.

AURORA BOREALIS.

l THE Heaven was one blue vault, inlaid with gems,

Thick as the concave of a diamond mine,

But from the north now shoot quick phosphor beams.

That o'er the mount their purple net en-

The smallest stars through that sweet lustre shine:

It shakes, it spreads, its glorious streamers die:
Again light quivers on the horizon's line,

A surge of violet lustre fills the sky,

Then sinks, still flashing, dancing everlastingly.

2 But wilder wonder smote their shrinking eyes: A vapour plunged upon the vale from heaven,

Gloomy as night; it towered of mountain size;
From its high crater columned smokes were
driven;

It heaved within, as if pent flames had striven With mighty winds to burst their prison hold,

Till from the summit to the vale 'twas riven With angry light, that seemed in cataracts rolled.

Silver, and sanguine steel, and the fierce burning gold.

3 The black volcano gave a hollow roar.

An earthquake groan that told convulsion near:

trushed the burden of its burning core— Tyriads of fiery globes, as daylight clear. The sky was filled with flashing sphere on sphere,

Shooting straight upwards to the zenith's crown.

The stars were blasted in that splendour drear:

The land beneath in wild distinctness shone,

From the far billow to the desert's pale red

zone.

4 The globes have gone to heights above all gaze, And now returning, look like moonlight rain; But, half way down, again out flash their rays; War floods the sky, they cross, whirl, burst in twain.

Scattering the night from mountain, vale, and main:

Or round the concave, as the storm retires,
Like mighty serpents draw the mazy train;
Gigantic sweeps of green, gold, scarlet spires,
With pearl and diamond heads, instinct with
living fires.

CROLY.

210

AURORA BOREALIS.

LIKE a new morn from orient darkness, there Phosphoric splendours kindle in mid air, As though from heaven's self-opening portals came

Legions of spirits in an orb of flame,

— Flame, that from every point an arrow sends, Far as the concave firmament extends:

Spun with the tissue of a million lines,

Glistening like gossamer the welkin shines:

The constellations in their pride look pale

Through the quick trembling brilliance of that veil:

Then suddenly converged, the meteors rush O'er the wide south; one deep vermilion blush O'erspreads Orion glaring on the flood, And rabid Sirius foams through fire and blood; Again the circuit of the pole they range, Motion and figure every moment change, Through all the colours of the rainbow run, Or blaze like wrecks of a dissolving sun; Wide ether burns with glory, conflict, flight, And the glad ocean dances in the light.

MONTGOMERY.

211

AURORA BOREALIS.

OFT in this season, silent from the north A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first The lower skies, they all at once converge High to the crown of heaven, and all at once Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend, And mix, and thwart, extinguish and renew, All ether coursing in a maze of light. From look to look, contagious through the crowd, The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes

The appearance throws: armies in meet array, Thronged with aërial spears, and steeds of fire; Till, the long lines of full-extended war In bleeding fight commixed, the sanguine flood Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.

THOMSON.

VEGETATION.

212

VEGETATION.

From the moist meadow to the withered hill, Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs, And swells, and deepens, to the cherished eye. The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees, Till the whole leafy forest stands displayed In full luxuriance to the sighing gales; Where the deer rustle through the twining brake, And the birds sing concealed. At once arrayed In all the colours of the flushing year, By Nature's swift and secret-working hand, The garden glows, and fills the liberal air With lavish fragrance; while the promised fruit

7 ithin its crimson folds. Now from the town Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps, off let me wander o'er the dewy fields,

Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze

Of sweethriar hedges I pursue my walk.

WOODE.

THE WOODLAND SCENE.

213

NOR less attractive is the woodland scene, Alike, yet various.

Here the gay smooth trunks
Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine, Diversified with trees of every growth, Within the twilight of their distant shades; There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood Seems sunk, and shortened to its topmost boughs No tree in all the grove but has its charms, Though each its hue peculiar; paler some, And of a wannish gray; the willow such, And poplar, that with silver lines its leaf, And ash far stretching his umbrageous arm; Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still, Lord of the woods, the long surviving oak.
Some glossy-leaved, and shining in the sunThe maple, and the beech of oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours: nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet,
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours
bright.

COWPER.

214

THE WOODS IN AUTUMN.

THE pale descending year, yet pleasing still, A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf Incessant rustles from the mournful grove, Oft startling such as, studious, walk below, And slowly circles through the waving air. But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams; Till choked and matted with the dreary shower, The forest walks, at every rising gale, Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak, Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields : And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race Their sunny robes resign. Even what remained Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree; And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

HORKOHT.

215 LINES WRITTEN IN A WOOD.

1 Thou solitary, and time-hallowed woo That hast within thee trees of olden grants of the forest, moss-o'ergro And ancient sylvan glooms, and brafens,
Where pipy hemlocks grow; and thick And many spirit-haunted alleys green By lone meandering stream, or bank, or Where elfin revelry rings all night lon

Within thy precincts do I come with

By fancy captive led.

2 None of thy trees, drear wood, their a Are waving in the wind. Nor leaf, no Feel but the breath of those sweet gen That, spirit-like, oft wander by themse 'Neath shades that shield them from to

Something most awful and uncarthly i In this wood-calm. Even not a bird-no The stillness of this sylvan wilderness, Nor stream, nor trickling waterfall power

Of old enchantment, sure, hath charwinds,

And, rocking on its high and airy crad Each little leaf, has laid it fast asleep. This place within an island seems to b In some calm-sleeping sea. 3 Sweet is the silence of this umbrage old
At this calm hour, the dewy fall of night.
Oh, if there is a time when all the soul
Is filled with the solemnity of thought,
This is the hour even now. And such a seen
Of woodland wildness! Tall and shadowy tre
Outstretch their massy arms, and form gre
bowers

Of sylvan solitude. From lefty boughs, As from a roof, the clambering woodbine han With honey-suckle mixed, and sweet-briar wi All richly mingling in this cool recess Of forest loneliness.

4 Here will I sit till evening dies away,
And o'er the land, like widowed matron old.
Comes dusky night. Now spiritual visions i
Under the green leaves! Fairy warriors al
Prance fleetly on your wind-outstripping ste
Along the dewy bank! This wood, this eve
Blend in sweet harmony, and, hushed in cal
Invite you all to sport. Now, lonely wood,
Thou art a fairy palace of delight,
A breathing hall of summer revelry.
I sit entranced to hear the merry sounds
That ring through all thy grounds.

J. DODDDS

THE FOREST.

THUS balmy morn Quick passes, till on high the dazzling su Darts wide his rays, pierces the forest g And beams a brighter lustre. The gay In beauty's tints arrayed, sips every swe And in his smile rejoices, till the hand Of some rude stripling robs it of its char And then to death consigns it. Now no Disturbs the soothing quiet of the grove, Save the low mournful whisperings of th That rustle o'er me, as reclined beneath. I view their shaggy trunks incrusted o'e. By mouldering Time, where myriad inse Enwrapt in embryo shade. The parting Float through the air, and show the orb Shrined in majestic splendour. How his Illume you tower, dim-twinkling thre glade!

(From forth its ivied bosom screams the The wild bee murmurs, and the hooting Seeks a still deeper shade.) What scen Amid the landscape! Here dark woods Skirting the green hill's brow which lies By the gray mists that in amusive play Surround its tufted summit; there o'erh By arching shade, rich vales, and meads Till in the sky the wide-spread prospect: The sun still rages. Still direct he shake Effulgent glory from his burnished thron Now let me leave the forest's skirts, and

Deep in sequestered gloom, where frowning oaks Fling their black shade athwart the sylvan wild. There let me wander rapt in thought profound, Till sober Eve her dusky pinions spread, And robe the scene with gray; till the young moon

Ascend her silver car, and throw o'er all The landscape round her gleams of softened light.

WIFFEN.

TREES.

217

TREES.

1 And forth they passe, with pleasure forward led,

Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony, Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred, Seemed in their song to scorne the cruell sky. Much can they praise the trees so straight and

The sayling pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-proppe elme, the poplar never dry,
The builder oake, sole king of forests all,
The aspine, good for staves, the cypresse funerall.

2 The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours And poets sage, the firre that weepeth still, The willow, worne of forlorne paramours, The eugh, obedient to the bender's will, The birch for shaftes, the sallow for The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the latest The warlike beech, the ash for not The fruitfull olive, and the platane The carver holme, the mapple selected the sound.

218

THE HAWTHORN.

- On Summer's breast the hawthorn
 In all the lily's bloom,
 'Mid slopes where the evening floc
 Where glows the golden broom.
- 2 When yellow Autumn decks the p The hawthorn's boughs are gree Amid the ripening fields of grain, In emerald brightness seen.
- 3 A night of frost, a day of wind, Have stript the forest bare: The hawthorn too that blast shall Nor shall that spoiling spare.
- 4 But red with fruit, that hawthorn Though leafless yet will shine; The blackbird for its hues shall kn As lapwing knows the vine.

5 Be thus thy youth as lilies gay, Thy manhood vigorous green; And thus let fruit bedeck thy spray, 'Mid age's leafless scene.

ANDN

219

THE OLD YARDLEY OAK.

Embowelled now, and of thy ancient self Possessing nought, but the scooped rind, that seems

An huge throat, calling to the clouds for drink Which it would give in rivulets to thy root, Thou temptest none, but rather much forbidd'st The feller's toil, which thou could'st ill requite. Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock, A quarry of stout spurs, and knotted fangs, Which crooked into a thousand whimsies, clasp The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect.

So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet Fails not, in virtue and in wisdom laid, Though all the superstructure, by the tooth Pulverized of venality, a shell Stands now and semblance only of itself!

Thine arms have left thee. Winds have torn them
off
Long since, and rovers of the forest wild,

With bow and shaft, have burnt them. Some have left

A splintered stump, bleached to a snowy white; And some, memorial none where once they grew. Yet still life lingers in thee, and puts forth Proof not contemptible of what she can, Even where death predominates. The spring Finds thee not less alive to her sweet force, Than yonder upstarts of the neighbouring wood, So much thy juniors, who their birth received Half a millennium since the date of thine.

COWPER.

220

THE OAK.

The gnarled oak, by some fair streamlet's side Waves its broad arms, and spreads its leafy pride;

Towers from the earth, and rearing to the skies Its conscious strength, the tempest's wrath defies: Its ample branches shield the fowls of air, To its cool shades the panting herds repair. The treacherous current works its noiseless way,—The fibres loosen, and the roots decay: Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies; and all That shared its shelter, perish in its fall.

ANON.

THE HAWTHORN.

1 'Twas on a cloudless summer day,
My sympathizing friend and 1
Upon a green bank calmly lay,
Lulled by a sweet brook bubbling by—
A gladdening stream that verdure threw
Upon the happy path it held,
But vainly watered to renew
A hawthorn sunk with eld.

2 'That ancient hawthorn, had it speech,' Said William, in a graver tone, 'Might well instructive lessons teach, Whose truth all hearts might wisely own: For me, without a wayward choice, Impulsive passion to assuage, More gladly would I hear its voice Than that of many a sage.

3 'When first it blossomed on this hill,
Another race of men were here,
Their simpler duties to fulfil,
And live as Nature's children dear.
It saw their youth, it saw their age,
It flourished by the mountain's side,
Long after they had reached the stage
Where they lay down and died.

4 'How many winters it has seen The sagest shepherd cannot tell; Nor when its branches all were green In spring can he remember well. 266 TREES.

Old is the moss which doth adorn
That stump of a dissolving tree:
Then he who saw the youthful thorn,
How old his grave must be!

5 'It witnesses those moonlight eves,
When our tale-haunted fathers spied
Elves dance among its withered leaves,
And on their nimble coursers ride.
But all that revelry, I ween,
Is vanished, with the moods of thought
That trooping o'er the midnight green
The wondrous pageant brought.

6 'Thus generations, like their forms
Of superstition, pass away;
An humble thorn survives the storms
Of time a longer space than they;
Yes, and remain their monument,
When all they were is but a dream:
An uniter doth seem.

7 'Yet even its own old knotty trunk
To natural decay must yield;
Soon 'neath the grass will it be sunk,
No more the shepherd's noon-tide shield.
Decay! all doth thy charter claim;
Our old memorial stones and trees
Are thine, while things of nobler name
Are frailer still than these.'

Thus, in the summer hour of noon,
Ran William's moralizing strain,
And, like a well-remembered tune,
It haunteth still my heart and brain.
And from that choudless summer day,
Not heedlessly have I beheld,
Robed in the mantle of decay,
That hawthorn sunk with old.

J. DODDS.

222

THE BOLLY.

- 1 O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
 The holly tree!
 The eye that contemplates it well perceives
 Its glossy leaves
 Ordered by an Intelligence so wise,
 As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.
- 2 Below a circling fence, its leaves are seen
 Wrinkled and keen;
 No grazing cattle through their prickly round
 Can reach to wound,
 But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
 Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

SOUTHEY.

THE SWEET-BRIAR.

1 Our sweet autumnal western-scented wind Robs of its odours none so sweet a flower, In all the blooming waste it left behind, As that sweet-briar yields it; and the shower Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower One half so lovely; yet it grows along The poor girl's pathway; by the poor man's door.

Such are the simple folks it dwells among; And humble as the bud, so humble be the song.

2 I love it, for it takes its untouched stand Not in the vase that soulptors decorate; Its sweetness all is of my native land; And even its fragrant leaf has not its mate Among the perfumes which the rich and great Bring from the odours of the spicy East. You love your flowers and plants, and will you hate

The little four-leaved rose that I love best,
That freshest will awake, and sweetest go to rest?

BRAINARD.

224

THE CYPRESS.

1 Thou graceful tree, With thy green branches drooping, As to you blue heaven stooping, In meek humility.

- 2 Like one who patient grieves, When winds are o'er thee sweeping, Thou answerest but by weeping; While tear-like fall thy leaves.
- 3 When summer flowers have birth, And the sun is o'er thee shining; Yet with thy slight boughs declining, Still thou seek'st the earth.
- 4 Thy leaves are ever green:
 When other trees are changing,
 With the seasons o'er them ranging;
 Thou art still as thou hast been.
- 5 It is not just to thee, For painter or bard to borrow Thy emblem as that of Sorrow; Thou art more like Piety.
- 6 Thou wert made to wave, Patient when Winter winds rave o'er thee, Lowly when Summer suns restore thee, Upon the martyr's grave.
- 7 Like that martyr thou hast given A lesson of faith and meekness, Of patient strength in thy weakness, And trust in Heaven!

MISS LANDON.

While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,

And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note

Made music that sweetened the calm.

3 Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of
June:

Of old ruinous castles ve tell,

Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,

When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,

And your blossoms were part of her spell.

4 Even now what affections the violet awakes; What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes, Can the wild water-lily restore: What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,

What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks, And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks

In the vetches that tangled their shore.

5 Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,

Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear, Hath scathed my existence's bloom; Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,

With the visions of youth to revisit my age, And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

CAMPBELL.

SPRING FLOWERS.

The loveliest flowers the closest cling to earth,
And they first feel the sun: so violets blue,
So the soft star-like primrose, drenched in dew,
The happiest of Spring's happy fragrant birth.
To gentlest touches sweetest tones reply:
Still humbleness, with her low-breathed voice,
Can steal o'er man's proud heart, and win his

choice
From earth to heaven with mightier witchery,
Than eloquence or wisdom e'er could own.

Bloom on, then, in your shade, contented

Sweet flowers, nor deem yourselves to all unknown.

Heaven knows you, by whose gales and dews ye thrive:

They know, who one day for their altered doom Shall thank you, taught by you to abase themselves and live.

ANON.

228

FLOWERS.

1 Come forth, then, lovely heralds of the Spring! Leave at your Maker's call your earthy bed; At his behest your grateful tribute bring To light and life, from darkness and the dead!

.

Thou timid Snowdrop, lift thy lowly head;
Crocus and Primrose, show your varied dye;
Violets, your ceaseless odours round you shed,
Yourselves the while retiring from the eye,
Yet loading with your sweets each breeze that
passes by.

2 And you,—in gay variety that grace, In later months, with beauty the parterre, 'Making a sunshine in the shady place,' As Una and her milk-white lamb were there; Arise! arise! and in your turns declare The power of Him who has not only made The depths of Ocean, and the heights of Air, And Earth's magnificence, but has displayed In you that power and skill with beauty's charms arrayed.

3 Uplift, proud Sunflower, to thy favourite orb
Thatdisk whereon his brightness loves to dwell;
And, as thou seem'st his radiance to absorb,
Proclaim thyself the garden's sentinel:—
And thou, too, gentle, modest Heather-bell,
Gladden thy lonely birth-place: Jasmines,
spread

Your star-like blossoms, fragrant to the smell; You Evening Primroses, when day has fled, Open your pallid flowers, by dews and moonlight fed.

4 And where my favourite Abbey rears on high Its crumbling ruins, on their loftiest crest, Ye Wall-flowers, shed your tints of golden dye, On which the morning sunbeams love to rest,— As if reluctant still to leave that hoary shrine.

5 Convolvolus, expand thy cup-like flower, Graceful in form, and beautiful in hue; Clematis, wreath afresh thy garden bower; Ye loftier Lilies, bathed in morning's dew,

Of purity and innocence renew

Each lovely thought; and ye whose lowlier pride

In sweet seclusion seems to shrink from view,
You of *The Valley* named, no longer hide
Your blossoms, meet to twine the brow of
chastest bride.

6 And Thou, so rich in gentle names, appealing
To hearts that own our Nature's common
lot:

Thou, styled by sportive Fancy's better feeling,
'A Thought,' 'The Heart's Ease,' or 'Forget
me not.'

Who deck'st alike the peasant's garden-plot,
And castle's proud parterre; with humble joy
Revive afresh by castle and by cot.

Hopes which ought not like things of time to

cloy,

And feelings time itself shall deepen not de

And feelings time itself shall deepen—not destroy.

BARTON.

THE ROSEBUD.

Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose,
The beauties of thy leaves disclose!
The Winter's past, the tempests fly,
Soft gales breathe gently through the sky;
The lark, sweet warbling on the wing,
Salutes the gay return of Spring:
The silver dews, the vernal showers,
Call forth a bloomy waste of flowers;
The joyous fields, the shady woods,
Are clothed with green, or swelled with buds:
Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose.

BROOME.

230

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

1 White bud! that in meek beauty so dost lean! Thy cloistered cheek as pale as moonlight snow,

Thou seem'st beneath thy huge, high leaf of green,

An Eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

2 White bud! thou'rt emblem of a lovelier thing,-

The broken spirit that its anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
To Heaven, the holy fragrance of its tears.

CROLY.

DAFFODILS.

- I I WANDERED lonely as a cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills, When all at once I saw a crowd, A host of golden daffodils; Beside the lake, beneath the trees, Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
- 2 Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle in the Milky-way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay:
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
- 3 The waves beside them danced; but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company;
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought:
- 4 For oft when on my couch I lie, In vacant or in pensive mood, They flash upon that inward eye Which is the bliss of solitude; And then my heart with pleasure fills, And dances with the daffodils.

WORDSWORTH.

THE SNOW-DROP.

- 1 The snow-drop, Winter's timid child,
 Awakes to life, bedewed with tears;
 And flings around its fragrance mild,
 And when no rival flowerets bloom
 Amid the bare and chilling gloom,
 A beauteous gem appears!
- 2 All weak and wan, with head inclined.
 Its parent breast the drifted snow;
 It trembles while the ruthless wind
 Bends its slim form; the tempest lowers,
 Its emerald eye drops crystal showers
 On its cold bed below.
- 3 Poor flower! on thee the sunny beam
 No touch of genial warmth bestows;
 Except to thaw the icy stream,
 Whose little current purls along
 Thy fair and glossy charms among,
 And whelms thee as it flows.
- 4 The night-breeze tears thy silky dress,
 Which, decked with silvery lustre, shone;
 The morn returns not thee to bless,
 The gaudy crocus flaunts its pride,
 And triumphs where its rival died,
 Unsheltered and unknown.

- 5 No sunny beam shall gild thy grave, No bird of pity thee deplore; There shall no spreading branches wave, For spring shall all her gems unfold, And revel 'mid her buds of gold, When thou art seen no more.
- 6 Where'er I find thee, gentle flower,
 Thou art still sweet and dear to me!
 For I have known the cheerless hour,
 Have seen the sunbeams cold and pale,
 Have felt the chilling wintry gale,
 And wept, and shrunk like thee!

MRS ROBINSON.

233

TO THE SNOW-DROP.

1 Hall! rocked by winter's icy gale,
And cradled in thy nest of snow,
Thou com'st to hear sad nature's wail,
When all, save thee, lies waste and low.
From joy's gay train, no garish hue,
Fair hermit, stains thy pearly form;
But, to thy parents' sorrow true,
Thou meekly bow'st thy head before the aweeping storm.

2 Rising amid our garden bowers, That yield to thee no sheltering screen, Thou bid'st us hope for brighter hours, When spring shall weave her wreath of green.
Nor there alone, in some lone glade.

Nor there alone, in some lone glade,
Deserted now by all but thee,
Thou mark'st the spot where breezes strayed,
'Mong summer's richest bloom, that lured the
wandering bee.

3 Though one and all, the smiling train,
On the forsaken bank have died,
The dews of eve have fallen in vain;
And morn has called, but none replied;
Yet lingering there in pensive grace,
Thou mourn'st alone the wreck of time;
The cottar's ruined dwelling-place,
The evening hearth of old, the happy voices'
chime.

4 And shall we call this earth our own, Since longer lives thy feeble frame, To deck the path when we are gone, And none is left to tell our name?

No! speed we to the holy shore,
Where souls made pure shall find their rest,
When earth and all her dreams are o'er,
And all the gathered flock are with their Shepherd
blest!

MRS M. L. DUNCAN.

VIOLETS.

BEAUTIFUL are you in your lowliness;
Bright in your hues, delicious in your scent;
Lovely your modest blossoms downward bent,
As shrinking from our gaze, yet prompt to bless
The passer-by with fragrance, and express

How gracefully, though mutely eloquent, Are unobtrusive Worth, and meek Content.

Rejoicing in their own obscure recess.

Delightful flowerets! at the voice of Spring, Your buds unfolded to its sunbeams bright; And though your blossoms soon shall fade from sight,

Above your lowly birth-place birds shall sing, And from your clustering leaves the glow-worm fling.

The emerald glory of its earth-born light.

BARTON.

235

THE ALPINE VIOLET.

l The Spring is come, the violet's gone,
The first-born child of the early sun;
With us she is but a winter flower,
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower;
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue,
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

- 2 But when the Spring comes with her host Of flowers, that flower, beloved the most, Shrinks from the crowd, that may confuse Her heavenly odours and virgin hues.
- 3 Pluck the others, but still remember
 Their herald, out of dire December;
 The morning star of all the flowers,
 The pledge of daylight's lengthened hours;
 And 'mid the roses, ne'er forget
 The virgin, virgin violet.

BYRON.

236

TO A VIOLET.

- 1 Sweet flower! Spring's earliest, loveliest gem!
 While other flowers are idly sleeping,
 Thou rear'st thy purple diadem;
 Meekly from thy seclusion peeping.
- 2 Thou, from thy little secret mound, Where diamond dew-drops shine above thee, Scatterest thy modest fragrance round; And well may Nature's Poet love thee!
- 3 Thine is a short, swift reign I know— But here,—thy spirit still pervading— New violet's tufts again shall blow, Then fade away—as thou art fading.

4 And be renewed; the hope how blest,
(O may that hope desert me never!)
Like thee to sleep on nature's breast,
And wake again, and bloom for ever!

BOWRING.

237

THE ROSE.

I How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,

Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower!
The Bridal day—the Festival—the Tomb—
Thou hast thy part in each,—thou stateliest
flower!

- 2 Therefore with thy soft breath come floating by A thousand images of Love and Grief, Dreams, filled with tokens of mortality, Deep thoughts of all things beautiful and
 - brief.
- 3 Not such thy spells o'er those that hailed thee first
 In the clear light of Eden's golden day;
 There thy rich leaves to crimson glory burst,
- 4 Rose! for the banquet gathered, and the bier; Rose! coloured now by human hope or pain; Surely where death is not—nor change nor fear, Yet may we meet thee, Joy's own Flower,

Linked with no dim remembrance of decay.

again!

MRS HEMANS.

THE ROSE.

Rose is fairest when 'tis budding new, id Hope is brightest when it dawns from fears:

Rose is sweetest washed with morning dew, d Love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

SCOTT.

THE DAISY.

HERE is a Flower, a little Flower, With silver crest and golden eye, hat welcomes every changing hour, And weathers every sky.

he prouder beauties of the field In gay but quick succession shine, ace after race their honours yield, They flourish and decline.

ut this small Flower, to Nature dear, While moons and stars their courses run, reathes the whole circle of the year, Companion of the sun.

smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
October on his way,
December's arms.

- 5 The purple heath, and golden broom, On moory mountains catch the gale, O'er lawns the Lily sheds perfume, The Violet in the vale :
- 6 But this bold Floweret climbs the hill, Hides in the forests, haunts the glen, Plays on the margin of the rill. Peeps round the fox's den.
- 7 Within the garden's cultured round, It shares the sweet Carnation's bed ; And blooms on consecrated ground In honour of the dead.
- 8 The lambkin crops its crimson gem, The wild bee murmurs on its breast, The blue fly blends its pensile stem Light o'er the skylark's nest.
- 9 'Tis Flora's page :- in every place, In every season, fresh and fair, It opens with perennial grace. And blossoms every where.
- 10 On waste and woodland, rock and plain, Its humble buds unheeded rise: The Rose has but a summer reign, The Daisy never dies.

MONTGOMERY.

240

THE DAISY.

- 1 Bright flower, whose home is everywhere!
 A pilgrim bold in Nature's care,
 And oft, the long year through, the heir
 Of joy or sorrow;
 Methinks that there abides in thee
 Some concord with humanity,
 Given to no other flower I see
 The forest thorough!
- 2 And wherefore? Man is soon deprest;
 A thoughtless thing who, once unblest,
 Does little on his memory rest,
 Or on his reason:
 But thou would'st teach him how to find
 A shelter under every wind;
 A hope for times that are unkind,
 And every season.

WORDSWORTH.

241

THE LILIES.

1 Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew
What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's fond view t

In childhood's sports, companions gay, In sorrow, on life's downward way, How soothing! in our last decay, Memorials prompt and true.

- 2 Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
 As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
 As when ye crowned the sunshine hours
 Of happy wanderers there.
 Fallen all beside—the world of life
 How is it stained with fear and strife!
 In Reason's world what storms are rife,
 What passions rage and glare!
- 3 But changeful and unchanged the while,
 Your first and perfect form ye show,
 The same that won Eve's matron smile
 In the world's opening glow.
 The Stars of Heaven a course are taught
 Too high above our common thought;
 Ye may be found if ye are sought,
 And as we gaze, we know.
- 4 Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
 Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
 And guilty man, where'er he roams,
 Your innocent mirth may borrow.
 The birds of air before us fleet,
 They cannot brook our shame to meet—
 But we may taste your solace sweet,
 And come again to-morrow.

- 5 Ye fearless in your nests abide—
 Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
 Your silent lessons undescried
 By all but lowly eyes:
 For ye could draw the admiring gaze
 Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys:
 Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
 He taught us how to prize.
- 6 Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
 As when He paused and owned you good;
 His blessing on earth's primal bower,
 Ye feel it all renewed.
 What care ye now, if Winter's storm
 Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?
 Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,
 Ye fear no vexing mood.
- 7 Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,
 That daily court you and caress,
 How few the happy secret find
 Of your calm loveliness!
 Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
 To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight;
 Go, sleep like closing Flowers at night,
 And Heaven thy morn will bless.

KEBLE

242

THE LILY.

l Look on that Flower—the daughter of the valor The Medicean statue of the shade!
Her limbs of modest beauty, aspect pale,
Are but by her ambrosial breath betrayed.
There, half in elegant relief displayed,
She standeth to our gaze, half shrinking shuns;
Folding her green scarf, like a bashful maid,
Around, to screen her from her suitor suns;
Not all her many sweets she lavisheth at once.

2 Locked in the twilight of depending boughs,
Where Night and Day commingle, she doth
shoot
Where nightingales repeat their marriage vows;
First by retiring wins our curious foot,
Then charms us by her loveliness to suit

Our contemplation to her lonely lot; Her gloom, leaf, blossom, fragrance, form dispute

Which shall attract most belgards to the spot, And loveliest her array who fain would rest unsought.

Her gloom the aisle of heavenly solitude; Her Flower the vestal nun who there abideth; Her breath, that of celestials meekly wooed From Heaven; her leaf the holy veil which hideth; Her form the shrine where purity resideth; Spring's darling, Nature's pride, the Sylvan's queen—

To her, at eve, enamoured Zephyr glideth, Trembling, she bids him waft aside her screen, And to his kisses wakes—the Flora of the scene.

WIFFEN.

243

THE DAISY.

- 1 Nor worlds on worlds in phalanx deep, Need we to prove a God is here; The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep, Tells of his hand in lines as clear.
- 2 For who but He that arched the skies, And pours the day-spring's living flood, Wondrous alike in all he tries, Could rear the daisy's purple bud?
- 3 Mould its green cup, its wiry stem, Its fringed border nicely spin, And cut the gold-embossed gem, That, set in silver, gleams within?—
- 4 And fling it, unrestrained and free,
 O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,
 That man, where'er he walks, may see,
 In every step, the stamp of God?

J. M. GOOD.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

Welcome, pale Primrose! starting up between Dead matted leaves of ash and oak, that strew The sunny lawn, the wood, and coppice through, 'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green: How much thy presence beautifies the ground!

How much thy presence beautifies the ground How sweet thy modest, unaffected pride

Glows on the sunny bank, and wood's warm side!

And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found.

The schoolboy roams enchantedly along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight:
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring.

CLARE.

245

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.

On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow;

FLOWERS. ine the mournful wreath, to strain shall be, and long, dy of death. nneral flower ! who lov'st to dwell pale corse in lonely tomb, ow across the desert gloom, press my lips, and lie with me eet decaying smell. th the lowly alder tree : d we will sleep a pleasant sleep, not a care shall dare intrude break the marble solitude, so peaceful and so deep. And hark! the wind-god as he flies, Moans hollow in the forest trees, And sailing on the gusty breeze, Sweet flower, that requiem wild is mine, My grave shall be in you lone spot,

My grave shall be in you lone spot,

Where as I lie by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes It warns me to the lonely shrine,

TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

- 1 FAIR Flower, thou shunn'st the glare of day, Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold, To evening's hues of sober gray, Thy cup of paly gold;—
- 2 Be thine the offering, owing long To thee, and to this pensive hour, Of one brief tributary song, Though transient as thy flower.
- 3 I love to watch at silent eve, Thy scattered blossoms' lonely light, And have my inmost heart receive The influence of that sight.
- 4 I love at such an hour to mark Their beauty greet the night-breeze chill, And shine, mid shadows gathering dark, The garden's glory still.
- 5 For such, 'tis sweet to think the while,
 When cares and griefs the breast invade.
 Is friendship's animating smile
 In sorrow's darkening shade.
- 6 Thus it bursts forth like thy pale cup, Glistening amid its dewy tears, And bears the sinking spirit up, Amid its chilling fears.

- 7 But still more animating far, If meek Religion's eye may trace, Even in thy glimmering earth-born star, The holier hope of grace.
- 8 The hope that as thy beauteous bloom, Expands to glad the close of day, So through the shadows of the tomb, May break forth Mercy's ray.

BARTON.

247

TO THE WALL-FLOWER.

I will not praise the often-flattered rose,
Or virgin-like with blushing charms half seen,
Or when in dazzling splendour like a queen,
All her magnificence of state she shows;
No, nor that nun-like lily, which but blows
Beneath the valley's cool and shady screen;
Nor yet the sun-flower, that with warrior mien,
Still eyes the orb of glory where it glows;—
But thou, neglected wall-flower, to my breast
And muse art dearest, wildest, sweetest flower,
To whom alone the privilege is given
Proudly to root thyself above the rest
As genius does, and, from thy rocky tower,

Send fragrance to the purest breath of heaven.

ANON.

THE WINTER ROSE.

- I Hall, and farewell, thou lovely guest,
 I may not woo thy stay.
 The hues that paint thy blushing vest
 Are fading fast away,
 Like the returning tints that die
 At evening from the western sky,
 And melt in misty gray.
- 2 The morning sun thy beauties hailed,
 Fresh from their mossy cell,
 At eve his beam, in sorrow veiled,
 Bade thee a sad farewell;
 To-morrow's rays shall gild the spot
 Where loosened from their fairy knot
 The withering petals fell.
- 3 Alas! on thy forsaken stem
 My heart shall long recline,
 And mourn the transitory gem,
 And make the story mine:
 So on my joyless wintry hour
 Hath ope'd some bright and fragrant flower,
 With tints as soft as thine.
- 4 Like thee the vision came and went,
 Like thee it bloomed and fell,
 In momentary pity sent
 Of fairer climes to tell.
 So frail its form, so short its stay,
 That nought the lingering heart could say,
 But hail, and fare thee well!

ANON.

249

THE ROSE.

- 1 How fair is the rose! What a beautiful flower! The glory of April and May; But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour, And they wither and die in a day.
- 2 Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast Above all the flowers of the field, When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are lost, Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!
- 3 So frail is the youth, and the beauty of man, Though they bloom, and look gay, like a rose; But all our fond care to preserve them is vain, Time kills them as fast as he goes.
- 4 Then I'll not be proud of my youth and my beauty,
 Since both of them wither and fade;
 But gain a good name by well doing my duty,
 This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

WATTS.

50

THE MOSS ROSE.

The Angel of the flowers one day
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,
That spirit to whom charge is given
To bathe young buds in daws of heaven;

Awaking from his light repose, The angel whispered to the rose:

O fondest object of my care

'Still fairest found, where all are fair;

' For the sweet shade thou givest to me,
'Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee!'

'Then,' said the rose, with deepened glow,

'On me another grace bestow i'— The spirit paused in silent thought,

What grace was there that flower had not !
'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose

A veil of moss the angel throws,

And robed in nature's simplest weed, Could there a flower that rose exceed?

FROM THE GERMAN.

251

THE IVY.

- 1 Where sleep the sons of ages flown,
 The bards and heroes of the past;
 Where through the halls of glory gone
 Murmurs the wintry blast;
 Where years are hastening to efface
 Each record of the grand and fair;
 Thou, in thy solitary grace,
 Wreath of the tomb! art there.
- 2 Thou o'er the shrines of fallen gods, On classic plains dost mantling spread, And veil the desolate abodes And cities of the dead;

Deserted palaces of kings,—
Arches of triumph, long o'erthrown,—
And all once-glorious earthly things,
At length are thine alone.

3 Oh! many a temple, once sublime
Beneath a blue, Italian sky,
Hath nought of beauty left by time,
Save thy wild tapestry!
And, reared midst crags and clouds 'tis thine,
To wave where banners waved of yore,
O'er mouldering towers by lovely Rhine
Cresting the rocky shore.

4 High from the fields of air look down,
Those eyries of a vanished race,
Homes of the mighty, whose renown
Hath passed, and left no trace;
But thou art there!—Thy foliage bright,
Unchanged, the mountain storm can brave,—
Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
And deck the humblest grave.

MRS HEMANS.

252

THE WILD BRIAR.

1 The woods are stripped to the wintry winds, And faded the flowers that bloomed on the lea; But one lingering gem the wanderer finds, 'Tis the ruby fruit of the Wild Briar tree.

- 2 The strong have bowed down, the beauteous are dead,
 The blast through the forest sighs mournfully;
 And bared is full many a lofty head,
 But there's fruit on the lowly Wild Briar tree.
- 3 It has cheered you bird that so gentle and well Sings—What are the gaudy flowers to me! For here will I build my nest and dwell, By the simple, faithful, Wild Briar tree.

ANON.

253

THE FURZE.

- 1 'Mid scattered foliage pale and sere, Thy kindly floweret cheers the gloom, And offers to the waning year The tribute of its golden bloom.
- 2 Beneath November's clouded sky, In chill December's stormy hours, Thy blossom meets the traveller's eye, Gay as the buds of summer bowers.
- 3 Flower of the dark and wintry day, Emblem of friendship, thee I hail, Blooming when others fade away, And brightest when their hues grow pale.

ANON.

254

THE DIAL OF PLOWERS.

- 1 'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours, As they floated in light away, By the opening and the folding flowers That laugh to the summer's day.
- 2 Thus had each moment its own rich hue, And its graceful cup or bell, In whose coloured vase might sleep the dew, Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.
- 3 To such sweet signs might the time have flowed In a golden current on, Ere from the garden, man's first abode, The glorious guests were gone.
- 4 So might the days have been brightly told— Those days of song and dreams— When shepherds gathered their flocks of old, By the blue Arcadian streams.
- 5 So in those isles of delight, that rest Far off in a breezeless main, Which many a bark, with a weary quest, Has sought, but still in vain.
- 6 Yet is not life, in its real flight, Marked thus—even thus—on earth, the closing of one hope's delight, and another's gentle birth.

7 Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower, Shutting in turn, may leave A lingerer still for the sunset hour, A charm for the shaded eve.

MRS HEMANS.

255 THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

1 How happily, how happily the flowers die away! Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they!

Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence and bloom,

Then drop without decreptitude, or pain, into the tomb!

2 The gay and glorious creatures! they neither 'toil nor spin;'

Yet, lo! what goodly raiment they're all apparelled in;

No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more bright

Than ever brow of eastern queen endiademed with light.

3 The young rejoicing creatures! their pleasures never pall;

Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to all!

lowers, the sunshine, the balmy, of their freshness, though all areless creatures! of time they take of his creeping, nor tremble at his with sick impatience, and wish the away; one, cry dolefully, would God when their lives are over, they drop away R onscious of the penal doom, on holy Nature's pain have they in dying—no shrinking from in! could we but return to earth as easily as they! FADING FLOWERS. THE morning flowers display their sweets, And gay their silken leaves unfold, careless of the noonlide heats, 256

- 2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast, Parched by the sun's directer ray, The momentary glories waste, The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine, When youth its pride of beauty shows; Fairer than spring the colours shine, And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly rolling years, Or broke by sickness in a day, The fading glory disappears, The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these new-rising from the tomb, With lustre brighter far shall shine, Revive with ever-during bloom, Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour, If heaven but recompense our pains! Perish the grass, and fade the flower, If firm the word of God remains!

WESLEY.

257

THE HELIOTROPE.

THERE is a flower whose modest eye Is turned with looks of light and love, Who breathes her softest, sweetest sigh, Whene'er the sun is bright above.

OWKUS. , or darkness veil, e their sweets exhale, e is cold and dead. trace a moral here, fer of the prosperous hour! lverse cloud appear, art faithless as the flower. ANOX And n ON THE NIGHT-BLOWING CEREUS. ne fair flower which shuns the golden day, 3 Still r ne fair nower wmen sums the gomes any, and blooms amidst the shades of silent night, Ri nd mooms annust me snades or snent right, eads her pale petals to the lunar ray, And hails with balmy breath the silver light: And One So virtue shuns the world's applause and gaze, The secret sheds her balmy sweets abroad, In secret sneas ner mainly sweets abroad, Nor seeks the voice of fame, nor glory's blaze, But blooms and blossoms to the praise of

YELLOW LEAVES.

1 The leaves are falling from the trees, The flowers are fading all; More chill and boisterous is the breeze, More hoarse the waterfall: Thy sky, o'ermantled now with clouds, Looks gray, and waned, and pale; The mist-fog spreads its hoary shrouds

O'er mountain, grove, and vale.

- 2 How lapse our years away! how fade
 The raptures of the mind!
 Onward we pass to storm and shade,
 And leave blue skies behind:
 Like yellow leaves, around us fall
 The friends best loved and known;
 And when we most have need of all,
 We oft are most alone.
- 3 Still more alone! blithe Spring comes round;
 Rich Summer-tide smiles by;
 And golden Autumn paints the ground,
 Till Winter's storm-blasts fly.
 One after one, friends drop away,
 As months on months roll on;
 And hour by hour, and day by day,
 The old are more alone.
- 4 Still more alone! alas! 'tis vain New hopes, new hearts to find; What magic can restore again The visions of youth's mind!

Age walks amid an altered world,
'Mid bustling crowds unknown:

New scenes hath Novelty unfurled,
And left the old alone!

5 'Sere leaves that dangle from Life's tree,' The old might well have said,

'A relic of the past are we:
A remnant of the dead:
Like emblems of forlorn decay
We linger till the last;
But death's long night shall turn to day,
When Time itself is past!'

ANON

260

BLOSSOMS.

- 1 Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past,
 But you may stay here yet awhile,
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.
- 2 What, were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night?
 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

3 But you are lovely leaves, where we May read how soon things have Their end, though ne'er so brave: And after they have shown their pride, Like you, a while, they glide Into the grave.

HERRICK.

261

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

- 1 Thou blossom bright with autumn dew, And coloured with the heaven's own blue, That openest when the quiet light Succeeds the keen and frosty night.
- 2 Thou comest not when violets lean O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen, Or columbines, in purple dressed, Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.
- 3 Thou waitest late and com'st alone, When woods are bare and birds are flown, And frosts and shortening days portend The aged year is near his end.
- 4 Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye Look through its fringes to the sky, Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall A flower from its cerulean wall.
- 5 I would that thus, when I shall see The hour of death draw near to me, Hope, blossoming within my heart, May look to heaven as I depart.

BRYANT.

ANIMALS

MAN.

262

1 Bur man, the master-piece of God, Man, in his Maker's image framed, Though kindred to the valley's clod, Lord of this low creation named, In naked helplessness appears, Child of a thousand griefs and fears. To labour, pain, and trouble born, Weapon, nor wing, nor sleight hath he Yet like the sun he brings his morn, And is a king from infancy.

2 For him no destiny hath bound To do what others did before, Pace the same dull perennial round, And be as man, and be no more: A man -a self-willed piece of earth, Just as the lion is by birth; To hunt his prey, to wake, to sleep, His father's Joys and sorrows share, His niche in Nature's temple keep, And leave his likeness in his heir!

- 3 No; infinite the shades between
 The motley millions of our race;
 No two the changing moon hath seen
 Alike in purpose or in face;
 Yet all aspire beyond their fate;
 The least, the meanest, would be great;
 The mighty future fills the mind,
 That pants for more than earth can give:
 Man, to this narrow sphere confined,
 Dies when he but begins to live.
- 4 Oh! if there be a world on high
 To yield his powers unfettered scope;
 If man be only born to die,
 Whence this inheritance of hope?
 Wherefore to him alone were lent
 Riches that never can be spent?
 Enough, not more to all the rest,
 For life and happiness was given;
 To man, mysteriously unblest
 Too much for any state but heaven.
- 5 It is not thus;—it cannot be,
 That one so gloriously endowed
 With views that reach Eternity
 Should shine and vanish like a cloud:
 Is there a God!—all nature shows
 There is,—and yet no mortal knows;
 The mind that could this truth conceive,
 Which brute sensation never taught,
 No longer to the dust would cleave,
 But grow immortal with the thought.

MONTGOMERY.

FIERCE o'er the sands the lordly Lion stalks, THE LION. Grimly majestic in his lonely walks: When round he glares, all living creatures fly, 263 He clears the desert with his rolling eye; By the pale moon he takes his destined round, Lashes his sides, and furious tears the ground. Now shricks and dying groans the forest fill, He rages, rends, his ravenous jaws distil With crimson foam, and when the banquet's o'er, He strides away, and paints his steps with gore. In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust, And shudders at the talon in the dust.

264

THE ELEPHANT. THE elephant, embowered in woods, Coeval with their trees, might seem As though he drank from Indian floods Life in a renovating stream; Ages o'er him have come and fled, Midst generations of the dead; His bulk survives to feed and range, Where ranged and fed of old his sires; Nor knows advancement, lapse, or change Beyond their walks till he expires. MONTGOME

THE HORSE

Survey the warlike horse! didst thou invest With thunder his robust, distended chest? No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays: 'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze : To paw the vale he proudly takes delight, And triumphs in the fulness of his might; High-raised, he snuffs the battle from afar, And burns to plunge amid the raging war: He mocks at death, and throws his foam around, And in a storm of fury shakes the ground. How does his firm, his rising heart advance Full on the brandished sword, and shaken lance; While his fixed eye-balls meet the dazzling shield, Gaze, and return the lightning of the field! He sinks the sense of pain in generous pride, Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side : But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast, Till death, and when he groans, he groans his last!

YOUNG.

266

THE WILD DEER.

MAGNIFICENT creature! so stately and bright! In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight: For what hath the child of the desert to dread, Wafting up his own mountains that far beaming head:

Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale !-Hail! king of the wild and the beautiful!-hail! Hail! idol divine !- whom nature hath borne O'er a hundred hill tops since the mists of the morn, wandering on mountain

nim, may blameless adore; y, the strength of the free, nt of glory o'er thee. like a king to his throne !

agle is glad to resign et and so fearless as thine. ather springs up in love or thy

he depths of the sky are at rest; ie wild winds is o'er on the hill! mountains, yeartlers, lie still! anches now toss in the storm of

the pine on you shelterless height, thou bright apparition delay! the crags, like the sun from the day.

t know, ye who have felt and seen orning smiles, and soul-enlivening green, ou give the thrilling transport way! eye brighten, when young lambs, at play er your path with animated pride, d in merry clusters by your side! can smile to wisdom no disgrace, arch meaning of a kitten's face, less innocence, and infant mirth to praise or give reflection birth

In shades like these pursue your favourite joy, 'Midst nature's revel, sports that never cloy .-A few begin a short but vigorous race, And indolence, abashed, soon flies the place: Thus challenged forth, see thither, one by one From every side assembling playmates run; A thousand wily antics mark their stay, A starting crowd impatient of delay. Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed, Each seems to say, ' Come, let us try our speed:' Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong, The green turf trembling as they bound along; Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb, Where every molehill is a bed of thyme; There panting stop, yet scarcely can refrain A bird, a leaf will set them off again. Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow, Scattering the wild-briar roses into snow, Their little limbs increasing efforts try, Like the torn flower the fair assemblage fly. Ah, fallen rose! sad emblem of their doom; Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom! BLOOMFIELD.

BIRDS.

268

BIRDS.

1 YE birds that fly through the fields of air, What lessons of wisdom and truth ye bear! Ye would teach our souls from the earth to rise, Ye would bid us its grovelling scenes despise. Ye would tell us that all its pursuits are vain, That pleasure is toil—ambition is pain, That its bliss is touched with a poisoning leaven, Ye would teach us to fix our aim on heaven,

2 Beautiful birds of the azure wing, Bright creatures that come with the voice of spring;

We see you arrayed in the hues of the morn, Yet ye dream not of pride, and ye wist not of scorn!

Though rainbow splendour around you glows, Ye vaunt not the beauty which nature bestows: Oh! what a lesson for glory are ye, How ye preach the grace of humility.

- 3 Swift birds that skim o'er the stormy deep, Who steadily onward your journey keep, Who neither for rest nor for slumber stay, But press still forward, by night or day—As in your unwearying course ye fly, Beneath the clear and unclouded sky; Oh! may we without delay like you, The path of duty and right pursue.
- 4 Sweet birds that breathe the spirit of song,
 And surround Heaven's gate in melodious throng,
 Who rise with the earliest beams of day,
 Your morning tribute of thanks to pay,
 You remind us that we should likewise raise
 The voice of devotion and song of praise;
 There's something about you that points on high,
 Ve beautiful tenants of earth and sky t

C. W. THOMPSON.

THE EAGLE.

THE towering Eagle soars from human sight,
And seeks the sun in her untiring flight:
High on some mountain-crag she dwells alone,
And proudly makes the strength of rocks her

Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey, And with a piercing glance marks out her prey. Her young she feasts with blood, and hovering o'er The unslaughtered host, enjoys the promised gore.

YOUNG.

270

THE EAGLE.

THERE'S such a charm in natural strength and power, That human fancy has for ever paid

That human fancy has for ever paid
Poetic homage to the bird of Jove.
Hence, 'neath his image, Rome arrayed her turms
And cohorts for the conquest of the world.
And figuring his flight, the mind is filled
With thoughts that mock the pride of wingless
man.

True, the carred aeronaut can mount as high;
But what's the triumph of his volant art!
A rash intrusion on the realms of aix.

His helmless vehicle, a silken toy. A bubble bursting in the thunder cloud;

The course has no volution, and he drifts
The passive plaything of the winds. Not such
The passive plaything of the winds. Not such
The passive plaything of the winds.

Was this proud bird; he clove the adverse stopped his
And cuffed it with his wings. He stopped his His course has no volition, and he drifts

And stood at pleasure 'neath heaven's zenith, As easily as the Arab reins his steed,

A many suspended from its azure dome; Whilst underneath him the world's mountains lay A lamp suspended from its azure dome; This molehills, and her streams like lucid

Then downward, faster than a falling star, the neared the earth, until his shape distinct Was blackly shadowed on the sunny ground; And deeper terror hushed the wilderness, And deeper terror nusned the winderness,
To hear his nearer whoop.
He soared and wheeled. There was an air

In all his movements, whether he threw round

His crested head to look behind him, or Lay vertical and sportively displayed The inside whiteness of his wing declined, In gyres and undulations full of grace,

An object beautifying heaven itself.

271

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

1 Bird of the heavens! whose matchless eye
Alone can front the blaze of day,
And, wandering through the radiant sky,
Ne'er from the sunlight turns away;
Whose ample wing was made to rise
Majestic o'er the loftiest peak,
On whose chill tops the winter skies,
Around thy nest, in tempests speak,
What ranger of the winds can dare,
Proud mountain king! with thee compare;
Or lift his gaudier plumes on high
Before thy native majesty,
When thou hast ta'en thy seat alone,
Upon thy cloud-encircled throne!

2 Bird of the cliffs! thy noble form
Might well be thought almost divine;
Born for the thunder and the storm,
The mountain and the rock are thine;
And there, where never foot has been,
Thy eyry is sublimely hung,
Where lowering skies their wranth begin,
And loudest lullabies are sung
By the fierce spirit of the blast,
When, his snow mantle o'er him cast,
He sweeps across the mountain top,
With a dark fury nought can stop,
And wings his wild unearthly way
Far through the clouded realms of day.

Seek'st thou the plusby trink
Of weely lake, or marge of river wide,
Or when the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed occur side !

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone,

Guides through the boundless sky thy certain
flight,
way that I must tread alone,
lead my steps aright.

W. C. BRYANT.

THE SKYLARK.

- 1 Bird of the free and fearless wing!
 Up! up! and greet the sun's first ray,
 Until the spacious welkin ring
 With thy enlivening matin lay!
 I love to track thy heavenward way
 Till thou art lost to aching sight,
 And hear thy song, as blythe and gay
 As heaven above looks pure and bright.
- 2 Songster of sky and cloud! to thee
 Has heaven a joyous lot assigned;
 And thou, to hear these notes of glee,
 Would seem therein thy bliss to find:
 Thou art the first to leave behind,
 At day's return, this lower earth;
 And soaring as on wings of wind,
 To spring whence light and life have birth.
- 3 Bird of the sweet and taintless hour!
 When dew-drops spangle o'er the lea,
 Ere yet upon the bending flower
 Has lit the busy humming bee;
 Pure as all nature is to thee,
 Thou with an instinct half divine,
 Wingest thy fearless flight so free
 Up toward a still more glorious shrine.
- 4 Bird of the morn! from thee might Man, Creation's Lord, a lesson take: If thou, whose instinct ill may scorn The glories that around thee break,

3 Bird of the sun! to thee—to thee
The earliest tints of dawn are known,
And 'tis thy proud delight to see
The monarch mount his gorgeous throne
Throwing the crimson drapery by,
That half impedes his glorious way;
And mounting up the radiant sky,
Even what he is,—the king of day!
Before the regent of the skies
Men shrink, and veil their dazzled eyes;
But thou, in regal majesty,
Hast kingly rank as well as he;

And with a steady, dauntless gaze, Thou meet'st the splendour of his blaze,

C. W. THOMPSON

272

THE HEATHCOCK.

Good morrow to the sable beak
And glossy plumage, dark and sleek;
Thy crimson moon, and azure eye,
Cock of the heath, so wildly shy!
I see thee slily cowering through
The wiry web of silver dew,
That twinkles in the morning air,
Like casement of my lady fair,
A maid there is in yonder tower,
Who, peeping from her early bower,
Half shows, like thee, with simple wile,
Her braided hair, and morning smile.

The rarest things, with wayward will,
Beneath the covert hide them still;
The rarest things, to light of day
Look shortly forth, and shrink away.
A fleeting moment of delight,
I sunned me in her cheering sight,
And short, I ween, the day will be,
That I shall parley hold with thee.
Through Snowdon's mist red beams the day,
The climbing herd-boy chaunts his lay,
The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring:
Thou art already on the wing.

MISS BAILLIE.

273

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way!

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

1 Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing!
Whence is it ye come with the flowers
spring!

- We come from the shores of the green

Nile,

From the land where the roses of Sharon sm From the palms that wave through the Ind sky,

From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

2 'We have swept o'er cities in song renowned Silent they lie with the deserts round! We have crossed proud rivers, whose tide h

rolled
All dark with the warrior-blood of old :

And each worn wing hath regained its home Under peasant's roof-tree, or monarch's dom

3 And what have ye found in the monard dome.

Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam?

—' We have found a change, we have foun
pall.

And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's ha And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt Nought looks the same, save the nest we bu

Oh! joyous birds, it hath still been so; Through the halls of kings doth the tempest; But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep, And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep .-Say what have ye found in the peasant's cot Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

5 ' A change we have found there—and many a change! Faces, and footsteps, and all things strange! Gone are the heads of the silvery hair, And the young that were, have a brow of care, And the place is hushed where the children played,-Nought looks the same, save the nest we made!'

6 Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth, Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth! Yet through the wastes of the trackless air, Ye have a Guide, and shall we despair ? Ye over desert and deep have passed,-So may we reach our bright home at last!

MRS HEMANS.

278 THE LAST SWALLOW.

I Away, away, why dost thou linger here. When all thy fellows o'er the sea have passed ! Wert thou the earliest comer of the year, Loving our land, and so dost stay the last ?

And is the sound of growing streams unhear Dost thou not see the woods are fading fast Whilst the dull leaves with wailful winds stirred!

Haste, haste to other climes, thou solitary bird

2 Thy coming was in lovelier skies—thy wing Long wearied, rested in delightful bowers; Thou camest when the living breath of sprii Had filled the world with gladness and we flowers!

Skyward the carolling lark no longer towers
Alone we hear the robin's pensive lay;
And from the sky of beauty darkness lours:
Thy coming was with hope, but thou dost st
'Midst melancholy thoughts, that dwell u
decay.

W. HOWITT

279

THE NIGHTINGALE.

- 1 When twilight's gray and pensive hour Brings the low breeze, and shuts the flower And bids the solitary star Shine in pale beauty from afar.
- When gathering shades the landscape veil, And peasants seek their village-dale, And mists from river-wave arise, and dew in every blossom lies.

- 3 When evening's primrose opes to shed Soft fragrance round her grassy bed; When glow-worms in the wood-walk light Their lamp, to cheer the traveller's sight;
- 4 At that calm hour, so still, so pale, Awakes the lonely nightingale; And from a hermitage of shade Fills with her voice the forest-glade;
- 5 And sweeter far that melting voice, Than all which through the day rejoice; And still shall bard and wanderer love The twilight music of the grove.
- 6 Father in heaven! oh! thus when day With all its cares hath passed away, And silent hours waft peace on earth, And hush the louder strains of mirth;
- 7 Thus may sweet songs of praise and prayer To Thee my spirit's offering bear; You star, my signal, set on high, For vesper-hymns of piety.
- 8 So may thy mercy and thy power
 Protect me through the midnight hour;
 And balmy sleep and visions blest
 Smile on thy servant's bed of rest.

MRS HEMANS.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

HARK in the vale I hear thy evening song,
Sweet Nightingale! It soothes my pensive soul.
Dost thou from day's gay flutterers retire,
As I from tumult of the busy world,
To pour thy sad note on the evening gale?
Night, and this still serene full well accord
With feelings such as ours. It is a calm
Healthful and sweet to nature, when the soul
Plumes all her powers, and imps her drooping
wing

For other climes. Yes, songstress of the shade We both alike are here brief sojourners Waiting the season of our happier change. Yet from the lone spray cheer the vale awhile, And listening I will learn content from thee.

ANON.

281

THE PEACOCK.

How rich the Peacock! what bright glories run,
From plume to plume, and vary in the sun!
He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day;
conscious state the spacious round displays,
owly moves amid the waving blaze.

YOUNG.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

- 1 Minutest of the feathered kind,
 Possessing every charm combined,
 Nature, in forming thee, designed
 That thou should'st be
 A proof within how little space,
 She can comprise such perfect grace,
 Rendering thy lovely fairy race,
 Beauty's epitome.
- 2 Those burnished colours to bestow,
 Her pencil in the heavenly bow
 She dipped; and made thy plumes to glow
 With every hue
 That in the dancing sun-beam plays;
 And with the ruby's vivid blaze,
 Mingled the emerald's lucid rays
 With halcyon blue.
- 3 Then placed thee under genial skies,
 Where flowers and shrubs spontaneous rise,
 With richer fragrance, bolder dyes,
 By her endued;
 And bade thee pass thy happy hours
 In tamarind shades, and palmy bowers,
 Extracting from unfailing flowers
 Ambrosial food.

SMITH.

THE LARK.

Ur from his dream, on twinkling wings,
The sky-lark soars amidst the dawn;
Yet while in Paradise be sings,
Looks down upon the quiet lawn,
Where flutters, in his little nest,
More love than music e'er expressed.
Then, though the nightingale may thrill
The soul with keener cestasy,
The merry bird of morn can fill
All nature's bosom with his glee.

MONTGOMERY

284

THE WOUNDED SINGING BIRD.

- Poor singer! hath the fowler's gun,
 Or the sharp winter done thee harm?
 We'll lay thee gently in the sun,
 And breathe on thee and keep thee warm;
 Perhaps some human kindness still
 May make amends for human ill.
- 2 We'll take thee in, and nurse thee well,
 And save thee from the winter wild,
 Till summer fall on field and fell,
 And thou shalt be our feathered child;
 us all thy pain and wrong
 ou again canst speak in song.

- 3 Fear not nor tremble, little bird,
 We'll use thee kindly now,
 And sure there's in a friendly word
 An accent even thou should'st know;
 For kindness which the heart doth teach,
 Disdaineth all peculiar speech.
- 4 'Tis common to the bird and brute,
 To fallen man, to angel bright;
 And sweeter 'tis than lonely lute
 Heard in the air at night:
 Divine and universal tongue,
 Whether by bird or spirit sung.
- 5 But hark! is that a sound we hear
 Come chirping from its throat,
 Faint, short, but weak, and very clear,
 And like a little grateful note!
 Another! ha! look where it lies,
 It shivers—gasps—is still—and dies!
- 6 'Tis dead, 'tis dead! and all our care Is useless. Now, in vain The mother's woe doth pierce the air, Calling her nestling bird again! All's vain, the singer's heart is cold, Its eye is dim—its fortune told!

PROCTOR.

THE SWALLOW.

SWALLOW, why homeward turned thy joyful wing!

— In a far land I heard the voice of spring;
I found myself that moment on the way;
My wings, my wings, they had not power to stay.

MONTGOMERY.

286

SKYLARKS.

What hand lets fly the skylark from his rest?

— That which detains his mate upon the nest;
Love sends him soaring to the fields above;
She broods below, all bound with cords of love.

MONTGOMERY.

287

THE KING-FISHER.

Why dost thou hide thy beauty from the sun?

— The eye of man, but not of Heaven, I shun;
Beneath the mossy bank, with alders crowned,
I build and brood where running waters sound;
There, there the halcyon peace may still be found.

MONTGOMERY.

THE OSTRICH.

Hast thou expelled the mother from thy breast, And to the desert's mercies left thy nest?

— Ah! no, the mother in me knows her part; Yon glorious sun is warmer than my heart; And when to light he brings my hungry brood, He spreads for them the wilderness with food.

MONTGOMERY.

289

THE DOVE.

You gentle dove flies swiftly through the air,
To shun the darkness of a thunder-cloud.
O why should we to shelter not repair
When, over head, God's wrath is thundering
loud!

J. DODDS.

290

THE EAGLE.

An eagle flew to meet the rising sun:
I saw his golden plumage in the sky
Ascend, till he invisible heights had won.
So, when its sad imprisonment is done,
The ransomed spirit wings its flight on high,
All radiant with Faith's last victory.

J. DODDS.

SWALLOWS.

YE gentle birds, that perch aloof,
And smooth your pinions on my roof;
Preparing for departure hence,
Ere winter's angry threats commence;
Like you, my soul would smooth her plume
For longer flights, beyond the tomb.

HAYLEY.

292

THE DOVE.

1 The Dove, let loose in Eastern skies, Returning fondly home, Ne'er stoops to earth her wings, nor flies Where idle warblers roam; But high she shoots, through air and light Above all low delay, Where nothing earthly bounds her flight, Nor shadow dims her way.

2 So grant me, God, from earthly care,
From pride and passion, free,
Aloft, through faith and love's pure air,
To hold my course to Thee;
No lure to tempt, no art to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy blessing on her wings.

MOORE.

THE THRUSH.

- 1 Songsten of the russet coat, Full and liquid is thy note; Plain thy dress, but great thy skill, Captivating at thy will.
- 2 Small musician of the field, Near my bower thy tribute yield: Little servant of the ear, Ply thy task, and never fear.
- 3 I will learn from thee to praise God, the Author of my days; I will learn from thee to sing, Christ, my Saviour and my King; Learn to labour with my voice, Make the sinking heart rejoice.

ANON.

94 TO A BIRD HOVERING ROUND OUR SHIP AT NIGHT-FALL,

Poor wanderer! whither art thou going?
The rain descends, the wind is blowing,
The sea runs high;
Thy pinions droop, thy strength is gone,
The long dark night is hastening on,
And ah! no friendly land is night.

I Here, then, till morning's dawn, repose,
Thy little wants make known;
If eald and wet, I'll warm and dry thee,
If knogry, needful food supply thee;
And while I soothe thy numbered woes,
Strive to farget my own.

Ferhaps thy mate and helpless young,
With grief oppost,
Sit brooking in their little nest,
No more enlivened by thy song;
If so, their helpless lot I'll mourn,
For ah! to them thou never canst return;
Nature will not direct thee to retrace
The wast immensurable space.

4 In part our lot's alike severe;
But thus it differs; thou canst ne'er return
While I may roam
Far as old Ocean's waters roll,
Beneath the sultry equinoctial burn,
Or freeze beneath the pole,
And yet, to all that I hold dear,
Get safely home.

MEYBICK

295

THE PHEASANT.

CLOSE by the borders of the fringed lake,
And on the oak's expanded bough, is seen,
""That time the leaves the passing weplyrs shi
gently murmur through the sylvan see

The gaudy Pheasant, rich in varying dyes,
That fade alternate, and alternate glow;
Receiving now his colour from the skies,
And now reflecting back the watery bow.
He flaps his wings, erects his spotted crest,
His flaming eyes dart forth a piercing ray;
He swells the lovely plumage of his breast,
And glares a wonder of the Orient day.

ANON.

296

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

Thou fairy amoris! in the forest singing,
How sweetly wild is thy melodious strain!
Varied in accents, tremulously flinging
Fragments of wonder on my dizzy brain.
Spirit of light! the music of thy song
Descends upon me, even as a dream;
I pause enchanted, and would fain prolong
Each magic note of thy impassioned theme.
Where art thou sitting?—in the branches high
Of yon old oak, whose flower-embroidered trunk
Rests on a soft mat where the harebells lie,
Its spreading roots 'neath mossy herbage sunk?
Minstrel of heaven! is that thy leafy bower,
Where, like the queen of beauty, thou dost

shade
Thy gentle self in this voluptuous hour,
As in a veil of innocence arrayed!—
The feathered choir to rest their wings have made

A favourite haunt near thee, and mute, and fond,
They listen, scattered in the boughs beyond.
Hush! 'tis the mountain echoes that descend
To wander through the trees!—they softly blend
With every pause an answer so divine,
They emulate, sweet bird! that gentle song of
thine.—

Children of air! prolong the flowery tale, Fill every bough, touch every living leaf,

Let soft persuasive melody prevail,
That every heart, forgetful of its grief,
Like mine, exulting for an hour may be,
Uplifted on the wings of wildest cestasy!

ALASTOR.

297

THE BLACKBIRD.

1 Sweet bard of the woods, on this still summer even,

How lovely, how soft, how melodious thy lay; It is calm as the earth, it is clear as the heaven, It is soothing and sweet, like the requiem of day.

2 Oh, what art thou singing ! It speaks to my soul.

Methinks I could tell thee the words of thy song;

Pure pleasure and gratitude beam through the whole,

And the summer eve's zephyr conveys it.

3 Thou art singing to HIM who spread fruit-trees and flowers,

And laid out the woods like a garden for thee:

And bid the warm sun light the midsummer hours,

And formed thee a bower in many a tree.

4 Sweet minstrel! sing on, all in joy as thou art, My spirit grows calm and serene by thy lays;

And I think ('tis a thought that enraptures my heart).

JEHOVAH, all nature is full of thy praise.

EDMESTON.

298

THE GREEN LINNET.

- 1 Beneath these fruit-tree boughs, that shed
 Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
 With brightest sunshine round me spread
 Of spring's unclouded weather;
 In this sequestered nook how sweet
 To sit upon my orchard-seat!
 And flowers and birds once more to greet,
 My last year's friends together.
- 2 One have I marked the happiest guest In all this covert of the blest: Hail to thee, far above the rest In joy of voice and pinion,

Thou, Linnet! in thy green array, Presiding spirit here to-day, Dost lead the revels of the May, And this is thy dominion.

3 While birds, and butterflies, and flowers
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment;
A life, a presence like the air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blessed with any one to pair,
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

4 Upon yon tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover;
There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

5 While thus before my eyes he gleams,
A brother of the leaves he seems,
When in a moment forth he teems
His little song in gushes:
As if it pleased him to disdain
And mock the form which he did feign,
While he was dancing with the train
Of leaves among the bushes.

THE HALCYON.

THE mariners with lightsome heart From their late sheltering cove depart, Spreading with joy the snowy sail To catch the favourable gale ; And why? Because their curious sight Has marked the Halcyon's landward flight: Heralds of peace, to seamen dear, They go their tender brood to rear. The fearless bird in patience broods, Till fourteen suns have gilt the floods, And fourteen nights their dews have shed Upon her unprotected head: Then, from their silver prison free, Her nestlings seek the tranquil sea; And soon, in azure plumage drest, Forsake the shelter of the nest: But till those watching hours are past, Lest sudden swell or angry blast Destroy the Halcyon's fragile brood, The God of Nature stills the flood.

Oh, Christian pilgrim! mark the care
Bestowed upon the fowls of air;
And learn to check each anxious thought,
That would a Father's mercy doubt.
The clouds of earth are round thee now,
The storm is high, thy hopes are low;
But raise thy drooping head, and see,
By faith, the rest reserved for thee.

BIRDS.

Servant of Christ, to thee are given The endless Halcyon days of Heaven.

ANON.

300

THE KING-FISHER.

THE Halevon flew across the stream, And the silver brooklet caught the gleam ; The glittering flash of his dazzling wings Was such as the gorgeous rainbow flings, In broken rays through the tearful sky, On a sunny eve in bright July: His radiant sheen the trees between, Like the spangled scarf of a fairy queen, Was rich to the view, as the gayest hue Of the brightest flower that ever grew. Its blended beam was brighter than The Orient lilies of Shushan, Twining around the brightest rose In Sharon's scented vale that grows: The diamond drops from the brook that flashed, As along the crystal wave it dashed, Showed like the sunbeam glancing through The morning gems of pearly dew. A type of Hope it seemed to be, So soft, and fresh, and fair to see.

ANON.

THE SEA-BIRD.

I've watched the sea-bird calmly glide, Unruffled, o'er the ocean tide: Unscared, she heard the waters roar In foaming breakers on the shore. Fearless of ill, herself she gave To rise upon the lifting wave, Or sink, to be awhile unseen, The undulating swells between: Till, as the evening shadows grew, Noiseless, unheard, aloft she flew. While soaring to her rock-built nest, A sunbeam lighted on her breast; A moment glittered in mine eye, Then quickly vanished through the sky.

While by the pebbly beach I stood, That sea-bird, on the waving flood, Pictured to my enraptured eye A soul at peace with God. Now high, Now low, upon the gulf of life Raised or depressed, in peace or strife, Calmly she kens the changeful wave; She dreads no storm—she fears no grave. To her the world's tumultuous roar Dies like the echo on the shore. Father! thy pleasure all fulfil, I yield me to thy sovereign will: Let earthly comforts ebb or rise, Tranquil on thee my soul relies.' Then, as advance the shades of night, Long plumed, she takes her heavenward flight: But as she mounts, I see her fling A beam of glory from her wing: A moment—to my aching sight Lost in the boundless fields of light.

RAST.

302

A BIRD'S NEST.

Ir wins my admiration
To see the structure of that little work,
A Bird's nest—mark it well, within, without:
No tool had he that wrought; no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join: his little beak was all;
And yet how neatly finished! what nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another? Vainly, then,
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill
Instinctive genius foils.

ANON.

fishes.

303

THE NAUTILUS.

Up, little Nautilus!—Thy day
Of life and joy is come:—away!
n's flood, that gleams so bright
we morning's ruddy light,

With gentlest surge scarce ripples o'er The lucid gems that pave the shore: Each billow wears its little spray, As maids wear wreaths on holiday; And maid ne'er danced on velvet green More blithely round the May's young queen, Than thou shalt dance o'er von bright sea That wooes thy prow so lovingly. Then lift thy sail !- 'Tis shame to rest, Here on the sand, thy pearly breast. Away! thou first of mariners :-Give to the wind all idle fears; Thy freight demands no jealous care,-Yet navies might be proud to bear The wondrous wealth, the unbought spell, That loads thy ruby-cinctured shell.

E. BARNARD.

304

THE NAUTILUS.

- 1 Where southern suns and winds prevail, And undulate the summer seas; The Nautilus expands his sail, And scuds before the freshening breeze.
- 2 Oft is a little squadron seen Of mimic ships all rigged complete; Fancy might think the fairy queen Was sailing with her elfin fleet.

- 3 With how much beauty is designed
 Each channelled bark of purest white!
 With orient pearl each cabin lined,
 Varying with every change of light.
- 4 While with his little slender oars, His silken sail, and tapering mast, The dauntless mariner explores The dangers of the watery waste.
- 5 Prepared, should tempests rend the sky, From harm his fragile bark to keep, He furls his sail, his oar lays by, And seeks his safety in the deep.
- 6 Then safe on ocean's shelly bed, He hears the storm above him roar; 'Mid groves of coral glowing red, Or rocks o'erhung with madrepore.
- 7 So let us catch life's favouring gale, But if fate's adverse winds be rude, Take calmly in the adventurous sail, And find repose in Solitude.

SMITH

305

TO THE FLYING FISH.

ve seen thy snowy wing, te wave at evening spring, And give those scales of silver white,
So gaily to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were formed to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies;
O it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
Upon the world's ignoble breast,
But takes the plume that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven!

But when I see that wing so bright, Grow languid with a moment's flight, Attempt the paths of air in vain, And sink into the waves again; Alas! the flattering pride is o'er; Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar, But erring man must blush, to think, Like thee, again, the soul may sink! O! Virtue, when thy clime I seek, Let not my spirit's flight be weak: Let me not, like this feeble thing, With brine still dropping from its wing, Just sparkle in the solar glow. And plunge again to depths below: But, when I leave the grosser throng With whom my soul hath dwelt so long, Let me in that aspiring day, Cast every lingering stain away, And panting for thy purer air, Fly up at once, and fix me there.

MOORE

THE SEA-SHELL.

- Uron a rock's extremest verge,
 Round which the foaming billows beat,
 I sat and listened to the surge,
 Which threw its white spray o'er my feet.
- 2 Long, long I lingered, lost in thought, Still gazing on the boundless sea; In whose unceasing flow is wrought An emblem of eternity.
- 3 I gathered from the pebbled shore A shell, with rainbow beauties tinged; And home my ocean prize I bore, With many-coloured sea-weed fringed.
- 4 As to my listening ear I held
 The shining gem the billows gave,
 Within its fairy cavern swelled
 The mimic murmur of the wave.
- 5 Though distant far my footsteps strayed, Through shady grove or sunny plain, Still, still its fairy cadence made An echo of the roaring main.
- 6 'Tis thus the aged seaman dreams,
 When anchored in his tranquil home;
 "indering fancy still he seems
 ough dark and stormy seas to roam.

7 He slumbers in a land of peace; He hears no more the waters' strife; But faithful memory still will trace The dangers of his early life.

ANON.

307

THE SEA-SHELL.

- I HAVE seen A curious child who dwelt upon a tract Of inland ground, applying to his ear The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell; To which, in silence hushed, his very soul Listened intensely; and his countenance soon Brightened with joy, for murmurings from within Were heard, -sonorous cadences; whereby To his belief the monitor expressed Mysterious union with its native sea. Even such a shell the universe itself Is to the ear of faith, and there are times, I doubt not, when to you it doth impart Authentic tidings of invisible things, Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power; And central peace subsisting at the heart Of endless agitation.

WORDSWORTH.

THE CORAL INSECT.

1 Tork on! toil on! ye ephemeral train, Who build in the tossing and treacherous main; Toil on, for the wisdom of man ye mock, With your sand-based structures and domes of rock;

Your columns the fathomless fountains lave, And your arches spring up to the crested wave; Ye're a puny race, thus to boldly rear A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

- 2 Ye bind the deep with your secret zone, The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone; Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring, Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king; The turf looks green where the breakers rolled; O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold; The sea-snatched isle is the home of men, And mountains exult where the wave hath been.
- 3 Ye build, ye build, but ye enter not in, Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin;

From the land of promise ye fade and die, Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye:—

As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid, Their noteless bones in oblivion hid.

Va «lumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main, the wonder and pride of your works rein.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

insects.

309

SUMMER INSECTS.

WAKED by his warmer ray, the reptile young Come winged abroad; by the light air upborne, Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink And secret corner, where they slept away The wintry storms; or rising from their tombs. To higher life; by myriads, forth at once, Swarming they pour; of all the varied hues Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose. Ten thousand forms, ten thousand different tribes. People the blaze. To sunny waters some By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream, Are snatched immediate by the quick-eyed trout, Or darting salmon. Through the green-wood glade Some love to stray; there lodged, amused, and fed.

In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young yet undisclosed,
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese;
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

THOMSON.

INSECTS.

Lo! the bright train their radiant wings unfold; With silver fringed and freckled o'er with gold, On the gay bosom of some fragrant flower They idly fluttering live their little hour; Their life all pleasure, and their task all play, All spring their age, and sunshine all their day. Not so the child of sorrow, wretched man, His course with toil concludes, with pain began, That his high destiny he might discern, And in misfortune's school this lesson learn,—Pleasure's the portion of the inferior kind; But glory, virtue, Heaven for man designed.

BARBAULD.

311

SUMMER FLIES.

Non wanting here to entertain the thought, Creatures that in communities exist, Less, as might seem, for general guardianship Or through dependence upon mutual aid, Than by participation of delight, And a strict love of fellowship combined. What other spirit can it be that prompts The gilded Summer Flies to mix and weave ports together in the solar beam, gloom of twilight hum their joy?

WORDSWORTH.

THE CRICKET.

- 1 Sprightly Cricket, chirking still Merry music, short and shrill; In my kitchen take thy rest As a truly welcome guest; For no evils shall betide Those with whom thou dost reside. Nor shall thy good-omened strain E'er salute my ear in vain. With the best I can invent I'll requite the compliment; Like thy sonnets, I'll repay Little sonnets, quick and gay.
- 2 Thou, a harmless inmate deemed,
 And by housewives much esteemed,
 Wilt not pillage for thy diet,
 Nor deprive us of our quiet;
 Like the horrid rat voracious,
 Or the liquorish mouse sagacious;
 Like the herd of vermin base,
 Or the pilfering reptile race:
 But content art thou to dwell
 In thy chimney-corner cell;
 There, unseen, we hear thee greet
 Safe and snug, thy native heat.
- 3 Thou art happier, happier far, Than the happy grasshopper, Who, by nature, doth partake Something of thy voice and make;

Skipping lightly o'er the grass, As her sunny minutes pass; For a summer month or two She can sing and sip the dew: But at Christmas, as in May, Thou art ever brisk and gay, Thy continued song we hear, Trilling, thrilling, all the year.

4 Every day and every night
Bring to thee the same delight;
Winter, summer, cold or hot,
Late or early, matters not;
Mirth and music still declare
Thou art ever void of care:
Whilst with sorrows and with fears,
We destroy our days and years;
Thou, with constant joy and song,
Every minute dost prolong,
Making thus thy little span
Longer than the age of Man.

REV. T. COLE.

313

THE FLY.

Nay, do not wantonly destroy
That harmless Fly, my thoughtless boy!
Its buzzing hum, that vexes thee,
Is but an idler's minstrelsy.
Unconscious of his threatened doom,
Ie gaily courses round the room;

Fearless alights upon thy book,
Nor dreads that irritated look;
A gay voluptuary, he,
Devotes his life to revelry;
Anticipates no future ill,
But sips and gambols where he will:
Yet the same Power, who bade the sun
His daily course of glory run;
He, who sustains each rolling sphere,
And guides them in their vast career;
E'en to the lowly fly has given
To share with man the light of heaven.

Go, busy trifler! sport thine hour, Brief though it be, as summer-flower! The wintry blast, that strips the tree, Shall bring the closing hour to thee! But, mark me, boy! the heedless fly A useful lesson may supply: Like him, the youth, who gives his day To Pleasure's soft, insidious sway, Voluptuous joys his only care, Will find a lurking poison there; Too late shall mourn his wasted bloom, And shroud his blossoms in the tomb!

H. I. JOHNS.

314

THE BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the Sun! pursue thy rapturous flight, Mingling with her thou lovest in fields of light; And where the flowers of Paradise unfold, Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of go There shall thy wings, rich as an evening s Expand and shut with silent eestasy!—
Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that con the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and And such is Man: soon from his cell of cla To burst a Scraph in the blaze of day!

ROGE

315

THE BUTTERFLY.

- 1 Born with the first light breath of spring When fades the rose to die; To seek on zephyr's sportive wing, The clear effulgent sky;
- 2 Intoxicate with sweets to make
 Thy couch 'mid opening blooms;
 Poised on some fragrant flower, to shake
 The light dust from thy plumes:
- 3 When fades the last pale rose of eve, To bid adieu to light; And satiate with bliss, to leave These scenes for realms more bright:
- 4 As some pure spirit hither sent, To whom, blest lot, 'tis given, To taste each sweet to earth that's lent, Then wing its flight to heaven.

LA MART

THE BEE.

The active Bee on summer morn,
Ranges o'er field and verdant lawn;
Studious to husband every hour,
And make the most of every flower.
Nimble from stalk to stalk she flies,
And loads with yellow wax her thighs;
Or from the cowslip's golden bells,
Sucks honey to enrich her cells;
Or every tempting rose pursues,
Or sips the lily's fragrant dews,
Yet never robs the shining bloom,
Or of its beauty or perfume.
Thus she performs in every way,
The various duties of the day.

COTTON.

317

THE SILK-WORM.

The beams of April, ere it goes,
A worm, scarce visible disclose;
All winter long content to dwell
The tenant of his native shell.
The same prolific season gives
The sustenance by which he lives,
The mulberry leaf, a simple store,
That serves him—till he needs no more!
For, his dimensions once complete,
Thenceforth none ever sees him eat;

Though, till his growing time be past, Scarce ever he is seen to fast. That hour arrived, his work begins; He spins and weaves, and weaves and Till circle upon circle wound Careless around him and around. Conceals him with a veil, though sligh Impervious to the keenest sight. Thus self-enclosed, as in a cask, At length he finishes his task: And, though a worm, when he was lo Or caterpillar, at the most, When next we see him, wings he wear And in papilio-pomp appears; Becomes oviparous; supplies With future worms and future flies, The next ensuing year !-- and dies ! Well were it for the world, if all Who creep about this earthly ball, Though shorter-lived than most he be Were useful in their kind as he.

CO.

318

ON A BUTTERFLY.

1 Thou coloured winglet, floating in the Of June's most gladsome hours, whose vest

Was woven in the rainbow: little rest Thou knowest, in the long bright sum Sipping the fragrant honied dew, away
Thou flyest from flower to flower, and blest
With buoyant thoughts, and spirits full of zest,
Through fields of ether lies thine airy way.

2 Yet wast thou once a reptile in the mire Unsightly: having slumbered in thy cell, Transformed and drunk with thoughts that bliss inspire.

Thou camest forth:-and I shall break the

Of dull mortality, and clad in fire,
Burst on immortal wings, in fields of light to
dwell

ANON.

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THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee,
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.

Man for thee does sow and plough; Farmer he, and landlord thou! Thou doet innocently enjoy, Nor does thy luxury destroy: Thee country hinds with gladness! Prophet of the ripened year! To thee of all things upon earth Life is no longer than thy mirth. Happy insect, happy, thou Dost neither age nor winter know. But when thou'st drunk, and danced Thy fill, the flowery leaves among, Sated with thy summer feast, Thou retir'st to endless rest.

320

THE ANT.

Tuan on the prudent ant thy heedful Observe her labours, sluggard, and be No stern command, no monitory voice Prescribes her duties, or directs her of Yet, timely provident, she hastes awa To snatch the blessings of a plenteous When fruitful summer loads the teen She crops the harvest, and she stores

THE BEE.

- 1 Thou cheerful Bee! come freely, come,
 And travel round my woodbine bower;
 Delight me with thy wandering hum,
 And rouse me from my musing hour;
 Oh! try no more you tedious fields;
 Come taste the sweets my garden yields;
 The treasures of each blooming mine,
 The bud, the blossom,—all are thine.
- 2 And, careless of this noontide heat,
 I'll follow as thy ramble guides;
 To watch thee pause, and chafe thy feet,
 And sweep them o'er thy downy sides;
 Then in a flower's bell nestling lie,
 And all thy envied ardour ply;
 Then o'er the stem, though fair it grow,
 With touch rejecting, glance, and go.
- 3 O Nature kind! O Labourer wise!
 That roam'st along the summer's ray,
 Glean'st every bliss thy life supplies,
 And meet'st prepared, thy wintry day!
 Go, envied go; with crowded gates,
 The hive thy rich return awaits;
 Bear home thy store, in triumph gay,
 And shame each idler of the day!

SMYTHE

THE CRICKET-

- 1 LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,
 Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
 Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
 Always harbinger of good,
 Pay me for thy warm retreat
 With a song more soft and sweet;
 In return thou shalt receive
 Such a strain as I can give.
- 2 Thus thy praise shall be exprest,
 Inoffensive, welcome guest!
 While the rat is on the scout,
 And the mouse with curious snout,
 With what vermin else infest
 Every dish, and spoil the best;
 Frisking thus before the fire,
 Thou hast all thine heart's desire.
- 3 Though in voice and shape they be Formed as if akin to thee, Thou surpassest, happier far, Happiest grasshoppers that are; Their's is but a summer's song, Thine endures the winter long, Unimpaired, and shrill, and clear, Melody throughout the year.
- 4 Neither night nor dawn of day, Puts a period to thy play:

Sing then, and extend thy span
Far beyond the date of man:
Wretched man whose years are spent
In repining discontent,
Lives not, aged though he be,
Half a span, compared with thee.

COWPER.

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THE GLOW-WORM.

- 1 Bright Stranger, welcome to my field,
 Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield;
 To me, O nightly be thy splendour given:
 O could a wish of mine the skies command,
 How would I gem the leaf with liberal hand,
 With every sweetest dew of Heaven?
- 2 Say, dost thou kindly light the Fairy train, Amidst their gambols on the stilly plain, Hanging thy lamp upon the moistened blade? What lamp so fit, so pure as thine, Amidst the gentle elfin band to shine, And chase the horrors of the midnight shade?
- 3 Oh may no feathered foe disturb thy bower, And with barbarian beak thy life devour; Oh may no ruthless torrent of the sky, O'erwhelming, force thee from thy dewy seat, Nor tempest tear thee from the green retreat, And bid thee 'midst the humming myriads die.

- 4 Queen of the insect world! what leaves delight! Of such these willing hands a bower shall form, To guard thee from the rushing rains of night, And hide thee from the wild wing of the storm.
- 5 Sweet child of stillness! 'midst the awful calm Of pausing nature, thou art pleased to dwell! In happy silence to enjoy that balm, And shed through life a lustre round thy cell.
- 6 How different man! the imp of noise, and strife, Who courts the storm, that tears and darkens life,

Blest when the passions wild the soul invade; How nobler far to bid those whirlwinds cease, To taste like thee the luxury of peace,

And shine in solitude and shade!

WOLCOTT.

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THE GOSSAMER.

O'ER faded heath-flowers spun, or thorny furze,
The filmy gossamer is lightly spread;
Waving in every sighing air that stirs,
As fairy fingers had entwined the thread.
A thousand trembling orbs of lucid dew
Spangle the texture of the fairy loom,
As if soft sylphs, lamenting as they flew,
wept departed summer's transient bloom.

But the wind rises, and the turf receives
The glittering web: so evanescent fade
Bright views that youth with sanguine heart believes:

So vanish schemes of bliss by fancy made; Which, fragile as the fleeting dews of morn, Leave but the withered heath and barren thorn.

L. JERMYN.

LOCAL SCENERY.

325

NATURE.

- I I LOVE to set me on some steep
 That overhangs the billowy deep,
 And hear the waters roar;
 I love to see the big waves fly,
 And swell their bosoms to the sky,
 Then burst upon the shore.
- 2 I love, when seated on its brow,
 To look o'er all the world below,
 And eye the distant vale;
 From thence to see the waving corn
 With yellow hue the hills adora,
 And bend before the gale,

- 3 I love far downward to behold
 The shepherd with his bleating fold,
 And hear the tinkling sound
 Of little bell and mellow flute,
 Wafted on zephyrs soft, now mute,
 Then swell in echoes round.
- 4 I love to range the valleys too,
 And towering hills from thence to view,
 Which rear their heads on high,
 When nought beside, around, is seen
 But one extended space between,
 And overhead the sky.
- 5 I love to see, at close of day,
 Spread o'er the hills the sun's broad ray,
 While rolling down the west;
 When every cloud in rich attire,
 And half the sky, that seems on fire,
 In purple robes is dressed.
- 6 I love, when evening veils the day,
 And Luna shines with silver ray,
 To east a glance around,
 And see ten thousand worlds of light
 Shine, ever new, and ever bright,
 O'er the vast vault profound.
- 7 I love to let wild fancy stray,
 And walk the spangled Milky Way,
 Up to the shining height,
 Where thousand thousand burning rays
 one eternal blaze,
 rm the ravished sight.

8 I love from thence to take my flight, Far downward on the beams of light, And reach my native plain, Just as the flaming orb of day Drives night, and mists, and shades away, And cheers the world again.

ANON.

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SCENERY.

Now I gain the mountain's brow; What a landscape lies below! No clouds, no vapours intervene; But the gay, the open scene, Does the face of Nature show In all the hues of heaven's bow; And, swelling to embrace the light, Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise, Proudly towering in the skies; Rushing from the woods, the spires Seem from hence ascending fires: Half his beams Appollo sheds On the yellow mountain-heads, Gilds the fleeces of the flocks, And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumbered rise, Beautiful in various dyes: The gloomy pine, the poplar blue, The yellow beech, the sable yew: The slender fir that taper grows, The sturdy oak with broad-spread be And, beyond the purple grove, Haunt of Phillis, queen of love! Gaudy as the opening dawn, Lies a long and level lawn, On which a dark hill, steep and high Holds and charms the wandering ey Deep are his feet in Towy's flood; His sides are clothed with waving w Ancient towers crown his brow. That cast an awful look below: Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps, And with her arms from falling keet So both a safety from the wind On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode,
'Tis now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous adder bree
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary mouldered wal
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state:
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,

Is all the proud and mighty have Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun!
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought;
To instruct our wandering thought:
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each gives each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

DYER.

DEVONSHIRE SCENERY.

1 Where Dart romantic winds its mazy course, And mossy rocks adhere to woody hills, From whence each creeping rill its store distils.

And wandering waters join with rapid force;
There Nature's hand has wildly strewn her
flowers.

And varying prospects strike the roving eyes; Rough-hanging woods o'er cultured hills arise; Thick ivy spreads around huge antique towers; And fruitful groves

Scatter their blossoms fast as falling showers, Perfuming every stream which o'er the landscape pours.

2 Along the grassy banks how sweet to stray,
When the mild eve smiles in the glowing
west.

And lengthened shades proclaim departing day, And fainting sunbeams in the waters play,

When every bird seeks its accustomed rest! How grand to see the burning orb descend,

And the grave sky wrapped in its nightly robes:

Whether resplendent with the starry globes, Or silvered by the mildly-solemn moon,

When nightingales their lonely songs resume, And folly's sons their babbling noise suspend! 3 Or when the darkening clouds fly o'er the sea
And early morning beams a cheerful ray,
Waking melodious songsters from each tree;
How sweet beneath each dewy hill
Amid the pleasing shades to stray,
Where nectared flowers their sweets distil,
Whose watery pearls reflect the day!
To scent the jonquil's rich perfume,
To pluck the hawthorn's tender briars,
As wild beneath each flowery hedge
Fair strawberries with violets bloom,
And every joy of spring conspires!

4 Nature's wild songsters from each bush and tree

Invite the early walk, and breathe delight:
What bosom heaves not with warm sympathy
When the gay lark salutes the new-born
light?

Hark! where the shrill-toned thrush, Sweet whistling, carols the wild harmony! The linnet warbles, and from yonder bush The robin pours soft streams of melody!

CRISTALL.

328

A HIGHLAND SCENE.

The western waves of ebbing day Rolled o'er the glen their level way; Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid.

Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And higher yet the pine tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His bows athwart the narrowed sky:
Highest of all where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue:
So wondrous wild the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward amidst the copse 'gan peep A narrow inlet, still and deep, Affording scarce such breadth of brim As served the wild duck's brood to swim; Lost for a space through thickets veering, But broader when again appearing, Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face Could on the dark blue mirror trace; And farther as the hunter strayed, Still broader sweep its channels made. The shaggy mounds no longer stood, Emerging from entangled wood,

But, wave-encircled, seemed to float, Like castle girdled with its moat; Yet broader floods extending still, Divide them from their parent hill, Till each, retiring, claims to be An islet in an inland sea.

And now to issue from the glen. No pathway meets the wanderer's ken, Unless he climb, with footing nice, A high projecting precipice. The brooms' tough roots his ladder made, The hazel saplings lent their aid; And thus an airy point he won, Where, gleaming with the setting sun, One burnished sheet of living gold, Loch-Katrine lay beneath him rolled; In all her length far winding lay, With promontory, creek and bay, And islands that, empurpled bright, Floated amid the livelier light; And mountains, that like giants stand, To sentinel enchanted land: High on the south huge Ben-venue Down to the lake in masses threw Crags, knolls and mounds, confusedly hurled, The fragments of an earlier world; A wildering forest feathered o'er His ruined sides and summit hoar, While on the north, through middle air, Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

SCOTT.

AMERICAN SCENERY.

- 1 On Susquehana's side, fair Wyoming!
 Although the wild-flower on thy ruined wall,
 And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
 Of what thy gentle people did befall;
 Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
 That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
 Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
 And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
 Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's
 shore!
- 2 Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies, The happy shepherd swains had nought to do But feed their flocks on green declivities, Or skim perchance thy lake with light cance, From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew, With trimbrel, when beneath the forests brown, Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew; And aye those sunny mountains half-way down Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.
- 3 Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes His leave, how might you the flamingo see Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree: And every sound of life was full of glee,

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From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men; While hearkening, fearing not their revelry, The wild deer arched his neck from glades, and then

Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

CAMPBELL.

330 VIEW FROM LAMMERLAW, THE HIGHEST SUMMIT OF THE LAMMERMOOR RANGE.

Written, September 1841.

O SCENE magnificent and full of glory,
Viewed from this lofty summit in the sky!
Surpassing far the power of poet's story,
Scarce to be comprehended by the eye!
Beneath my feet a kingdom seems to lie,
A mountain-guarded realm, a bright domain
Of land and ocean, valley, hill, and plain.
Below me, northwards, lie the Lothians three,
Stretched wide between the mountains and the
sea;

Fortunate fields, and regions rich in corn, Now bright with Autumn's ripe and yellow blaze;

For on the waving slopes and tracts unshorn
The Autumnal sun hath poured his mellowing
rays.

The Morfit, and the Pentland mountains blue, Encircle, but scarce close the westward view; For from the kingly summit where I stand I seem to overlook the subject land. And yonder, gleaming on her mountain seat,

Edina, Royal city, sits enthroned!

A kingdom's glory lieth at her feet.

With all that far-descended monarchs owned. From this sky-piercing and screne retreat

I see her grandeur, but I hear no sound.

In sooth, the city's din, the battle's roar,
Or anything like life's convulsive beat,

Or even the billows on you ocean shore Ne'er stirred the silent solitude around.

Here only the aërial harmonies

Of Nature, even the tempests of the skies, The thunder and the rain, commingle and resound.

Between me and the mountains of the north, Reaching far inland, flows the noble Forth, To intersect a kingdom. Winding free From the blue waters of the German sea Towards Stirling's royal towers, it shines and smiles,

With all its creeks, and bays, and rocky isles.

There froms the Bass Rock, as of old, when
grouns

Of captives mingled with the sea-fowls' cries, Upon its cruel steep. Now only moans

The billow there, and night-wind of the skies.
And yonder, on the ocean's swelling brim,
The Isle of May is seen, remote and dim,
Between the clouds and sea! Then on my right
Comes Inchkeith, with its tower of guardian light.

But gazing westward, far beyond this stream
Of ocean and its islands, I behold
A mountain known unto another sea,
And haunted by the sun's departing gleam,
Ben-Lomond, rearing high his summit bold,
And towering as in sovereign majesty.
But yonder are the Grampians, with their peaks
Clad in the sunshine. Glorious hills! mine eye
Rests on your brow delightedly, and seeks
To bless the holds of ancient Liberty.

But from these mountains, and the Fifeshire strand, I turn, and gaze to far Northumberland, Guarded and crowned by Cheviot's lofty range. Now the romantic South before me lies, And the grand landscape, by a wondrous change, Is shifted to the eye. In vista seen, O'er mountain-tops that midway intervene, The dale of Tweed, the wizard Eildon hills, With peaks that in the enchanting distance rise, And lose themselves in the far southern skies, One wide and glorious prospect form, that fills With everlasting ravishment mine eyes.

O scene, surpassing painter's, poet's art,
Of magic power to entrance the eye and heart!
Scene of all loveliness and grandeur joined!
The sun, the clouds, the mountains, and the wind,
All Nature's grander elements combined,
All sweet attractions of the earth and sky,
Unite to form thy matchless harmony.
O beautiful creation! world how fair!
Reflecting still the glory and the love

W 20

Sweet Nightingalo
Dost thou from the
As I from tumali
To pour thy said to
Night, and this still
With feelings still
Healthful and sweet
Plumes all her po

wing
For other clima.
We both alike are the
Waiting the sense of
Yet from the lone of
And listening I will

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TIL

How rich the Peaces.

From plume to pluss.

He proudly spreads.

Gives all his colour.

With conscious and

And slowly moves and

Expanding, northwards, into lovely glens O'ergrown with copses, and primeval trees; Sequestered haunts, where woods and waters join To fill the eye and ear with sylvan joy.

Here enter we one of these narrow vales
That, with its own small river, winds and turns
In many sweet meanders. It is full
Of flowers, and wilding shrubs, and graceful trees,
Sown by the hand of Nature. There upspring
The oak, the elm, and Scotia's native pine;
Crowned, at this genial season, with the bloom
Of honeysuckle sweet, and roses wild.
See how that brook, pleased with its flowery
banks.

And rocky shelves, doth dally on its course!
The still sweet music of its waterfalls
Enchants the ear, and to the charmed sense
Sounds like the murmur of a woodland dream.

There in that quiet dell, upon a nook
Of level ground, won from the ancient wood,
And circled by a winding of the stream,
Doth stand a little sanctuary, reared
In shelter from the strong wind and the storm,
And, in its shades, hid from the common eye:
That is the Church of Humbie. Lowly roof,
Buried in sylvan solitude and peace,
The stranger seldom sees it. To the eyes
And footsteps of the humble worshippers,
Whose fathers trod its courts, and loved it walls,
It is alone familiar, and most dear.
Embowered in friendly woods, and sunk beneath

The common surface of the hilly ground. It is a shrine retired, to passers by Invisible by night or day; remote From public traffic, or the haupts of men. But it is witnessed by the sun of heaven, That cheers it with his brightest noon-tide beam. And by the stars, that from their lofty thrones Look down upon it lovingly. The winds And storms of every season blow around Its consecrated walls, and humble tower, Nor visit them too roughly. There it stands Within its vale, in meek security, To show us how with peace from heaven and earth

The modest and the humble God will bless.

Around that peaceful shrine the church-yard lies ; A calm and still asylum of the dead. Where, lowly laid beside their native stream, Our rustic fathers sleep. There let them rest Among the trees that flourished in their youth, But now are old and withered o'er their graves. Here holy quiet reigns; no sweeter place E'er could you find wherein to rest in peace. And, fallen asleep in Christ, to wait the sound That ushers in the Resurrection morn.

O peaceful sanctuary! lovely stream! Meek ornaments of this sweet-wooded vale! Still rest upon you, bright as that calm sky. The spirit of love and harmony. The air That breathes around be consecrate to Peace, To Christian Faith and Hope. Here may the prayers Of humble Piety be ever heard, And holy hymns of praise, and Truth divine. Here may the simple children of our fields Still worship God, as in the days of old

Their simple fathers; and, in this low spot, Deep in the bosom of their mother earth.

Learn to forget their cares, and mount to heaven.

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CINTRA.

THE horrid crags, by toppling convent crowned, The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep.

The mountain moss by scorching skies embrowned.

The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,

The tender azure of the unruffled deep. The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,

The torrents that from hill to valley leap,

The vine on high, the willow branch below, Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

BYRON.

A RURAL SCENE.

THROUGH a beech wood the path, A wild rude copse road, winds beneath the light And feathery stems of the young trees, so fresh In their new delicate green, and so contrasting, With their slim flexile forms, that almost seem To bend as the wind passes, with the firm Deep-rooted vigour of those older trees And nobler,-those gray giants of the woods That stir not at the tempest. Oh that path Is pleasant, with its beds of richest moss, And tufts of fairest flowers; fragrant woodroof So silver white: wood sorrel elegant. Or light anemone. A pleasant path Is that, and such a sense of freshness round us, Of cool, and lovely light, the very air Has the hue of the young leaves; downward the road

Winds till beneath a beech, whose slender stem Seems tossed across the path; all suddenly The close wood ceases, and a steep descent Leads to a valley, whose opposing side Is crowned with answering woods; a narrow valley

Of richest meadow land, which creeps half up
The opposite hill, and in the midst a farm
With its old ample orchard, now one flush
Of fragrant bloom, and just beneath the wood,
Close by the house a rude deserted chalk-pit,
Half full of rank and creeping plants, with briars

And pendant roots of trees half covered o'er, Like some wild shaggy ruin. Beautiful To me is that low farm. There is a peace, A deep repose, a silent harmony, Of nature and of man. The circling woods Shut out all human eyes; and the gay orchard Spreads its sweet world of blossoms, all unseen, Save by the smiling sky. That were a spot To live and die in.

MISS MITFORD.

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AN ENGLISH SCENE.

How oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has slackened to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While Admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
Thence with what pleasure have we just discerned
The distant plough slow moving, and beside
His labouring team, that swerved not from the
track.

The sturdy swain diminished to a boy! Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er, Conducts the eye along his sinuous course Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank, Stand, never overlooked, our favourite elms, That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;

While far beyond, and overthwart the stream. That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale, The sloping land recedes into the clouds, Displaying on its varied side the grace Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful be Just undulates upon the listening ear. Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote. Scenes must be beautiful, which daily viewed Please daily, and whose novelty survives Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years: Praise justly due to those that I describe.

COWPER.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of Good, Almighty, thine this universal frame, Thus wondrous fair: thyself how wondrous ther Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens, To us invisible, or dimly seen In these thy lowest works: yet these declare Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divin

MILTON.

THE END.

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